

THE MONTH

A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

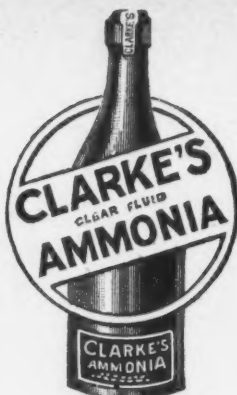
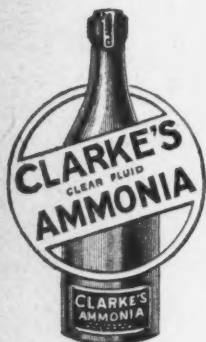


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Adonia.

Thammuz came next behind
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded.

(Milton, *Par. Lost*, i. 446.)

EARLY one morning in the summer of 415 B.C., Athenian troops were marching down from the city to the Peiræus, were assembling in the port and manning the ships. It was a fateful year, and the Sicilian expedition was sailing away to its doom. It was remembered afterwards,¹ that above the tumult of sorrowful farewell, one could hear the shrill lament of women wailing for Adonis, and that as the soldiers passed through the streets, on roof-top and by house-door had been set out the biers on which lay the pallid waxen or wooden effigy of the dead god. Truly, a melancholy "omen by the way." It was to a like ceremony, though invested with unparalleled pomp by Ptolemy Philadelphus, that Gorgo and Praxinoë, almost two centuries later, were pushing their perspiring way through the crowded streets of Alexandria. Theocritus² has told the delightful story of their quarrels and courtesies, their irritating provincialisms, their stupefaction when at last, to the detriment of their summer toilet, they had shouldered an ingress into the shrine. The pictured hangings, the piles of fruits and flowers, the quaint confectionery, the fluttering Loves; Adonis himself, white and dead, on his purple draperies. Then came the singing, the plunging of the god into the brine, the prayer for his return and resurrection.

All over Western Asia a similar cult prevailed; the ritual

¹ Plut. *Alc.* 18; *Nic.* 13.

² *Idyll*, 15.

differing slightly with the place; the explanatory legend, the name of the god, always a little changed—a change the easier, because “Adon” was after all but a title, and meant “Lord”—but on the whole, everywhere a like cult, embodying a like idea. Naturally the worship was strong near Libanus, where the god had been slain by the boar. Lucian tells us of its enthusiastic celebration at Byblus, its re-enactment of the god’s death, new birth, and “sending up into the air;” of the river which ran red with the god’s blood each spring, as his death was yearly repeated near its mountain source, though even in his day the rationalist explanation was ready to hand.¹ And here, at Easter, would flower the scarlet anemone, the blood-flower of the god to whom the myrtle had given birth.²

Scarcely distinguished from Adonis, identified with him indeed as time went on, was the Phrygian Attis, who died too, and had his return to life, and from whose blood the violet sprang; and what the cult of the dead Adonis and the weeping Astarte was to Syria, such was that of Attis and Cybele to Phrygia, such that of Tammuz and Ishtar to Babylon. And though the noisy, blood-stained worship of Adonis never penetrated deeply into Greek sentiment, when once it was imported from its Eastern home, yet Amyclæ had her Hyacinth,³ and in many places there existed, notably at Crete, strange legends of the death of Dionysus; and every mid-winter at Delphi, where his tomb was, the women, waving a cradle, would call the god back from the sea to his new birth.

Obviously the cult and legend clothed an idea at once deep and general. The ancients themselves had no doubt about the meaning. Pagans and Christians alike,⁴ saw in the dying and rising god that decay of nature which took place each year, to pass as surely into renewed vitality each spring. This idea has

¹ Lucian, *De Dea Syr.* 6. It is to this cult that Milton refers in our quotation. The adoption of it marked one of the periodical infidelities of the Jews, and is mentioned by Ezekiel: “Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord’s house which was towards the North: and behold, there sat the women weeping for Tammuz.” (*Ezek.* viii. 14.)

² See *Ov. Met.* x. ad fin.

³ Whatever we may think of the origin of the Hyacinth-cult, upon which the later worship of Apollo was superimposed, we are bound to recognize that it was the Adonis-worship which supplied Amyclæ with an ætiological legend for her local religion.

⁴ S. Hieron, *Comm. in Ezek.* viii. 14; Euseb. *Præpar. Evang.* iii. 11, 9, &c.

certainly exercised a deep influence on the cult of almost every nation. The vegetation-god is at the heart of the old Roman religion; few transformations are more interesting to watch than that of the old vegetation deity, Mars, into a Western Ares; a war-god fit for the people whose evolution had conditioned his own. In the case before us, this explanation seems eminently probable. A predominant feature of the cult were the "Gardens of Adonis"—shallow trays or shells, in which grasses and faint-sweet herbs, and pale flowers, had been forced to shoot up rapidly in the dark, so that, exposed by the dead god's side, they might droop and perish as rapidly before the spectator's eyes. It is but recently that such a custom has been neglected in Sardinia on the eve of St. John of Midsummer, and we have seen the like in certain English churches as part of their Easter decoration. A curious survival, if such indeed it be. Tammuz was undoubtedly a grain-god. Crushed in a mill by his enemies, his relics were scattered to the winds; and during his feast the women might eat nought that stone had ground. In the religion of Attis there were like taboos. And the Dionysus who died, was the *Δευδέρης*, the god of Fair Flowers, the Shade-god, father of the mystic daughters Ceno, Spermo, and Elaïs; and from his blood sprang the pomegranate; symbol, here as ever, of fertility. The religion of Osiris is confessedly too complex for us to be certain of more than that this idea was included in it. We need scarcely remind readers of *Hiawatha* of "The friend of man, Mondamin." It is wholly to this interpretation of the cult that Dr. Frazer inclines, marshalling an immense and convincing array of arguments and illustrations in *The Golden Bough*.¹

There is another theory, however, which finds the kernel of the cult to be that extraordinarily widespread sentiment, the manifestation of which may thus briefly be described. The tribal god is killed, but in the form of an animal akin to or identified with the god himself, and thus of kin with the tribe to which the god belongs. Each member of the tribe then partakes in the sacrificial meal upon the victim's flesh, and thus becomes one with his god, and with every other member of the tribe. On all occasions save this single one, the sacred animal is taboo. This has been explained with extraordinary force and clearness by Professor Robertson Smith.²

¹ Frazer, *G. B.* ii. 115 and following pp.

² *Religion of the Semites*, p. 312, &c.

The whole community is conceived as a circle of brethren united with one another and with their god by participation in one life or life-blood. The same blood is supposed to flow also in the veins of the victim, so that its death is at once the shedding of the tribal blood and a violation of the sanctity of the divine life that is transfused through every member, human or irrational, of the sacred circle. Nevertheless, the slaughter of such a victim is permitted or required on solemn occasions, and all the tribesmen partake of its flesh, that they may thereby cement and seal their mystic unity with one another and with their god.

Thus is preserved that sense of identity among the members of the Semitic tribes which wholly surpasses the comprehension, and indeed the imagination, of us Europeans. The practice was, however, by no means confined to the Semitic peoples. We can here only refer to the *Diipolia* at Athens, and to the *Feriae Latinae* on the Alban Mount. But to us it is of importance that Professor Robertson Smith finds a like origin for the *Adonia*. *Adonis* was the god killed in the form of a swine by his tribesmen; and only after this explanation had faded from more cultivated minds, was the legend of the boar that had gored the god to death invented, and swine were sacrificed to *Adonis* and *Aphrodite* on this ground. And though the weight of evidence seems to go to make vegetation-gods of *Adonis* and his compeers, yet it is indisputable that the idea of expiation entered largely into the various cults, culminating in those dramatico-religious rites where a man, representing the god, was himself offered in sacrifice for the whole people. It is thought that the yearly high-priest of *Attis* was thus a yearly victim too, even as in the dark *Arician* grove there lived, so close to civilized Rome—

The priest that slew the slayer
And shall himself be slain.

To many it has seemed impossible to stop here in the process of comparison and deduction. We have got used to the refutation of those who would find in Christianity no more than a reflection of Buddhism.¹ We must be grateful that so few attempts have been made to see in its cardinal incidents only another phase of the old *Adonis* story. The particular facts are too certain and too late in the world's history, the minds that first received them were too sophisticated, too modernized, for

¹ W. S. Lilly, *Claims of Christianity*, c. 2.

the most fertile weaver of conjectures to succeed in making of the Gospel-story the particular shape, and no more, which, for that age and place, the idea of nature's death and new spring, life assumed. After all, had the Passion historically occurred in the autumn, autumn surely, and not spring, would have been the season fixed upon for our Easter festival; it was long before the Passiontide office of the Church put on even that stately, dramatic form in which we know it; although the austere sorrowing thereof is, not slowly, giving place to a ritual more emotional, more grateful to our neurotic age; though even now none but the most superficial would undertake to derive the *Desolata*, watching by "the fair dead Christ at His altar-place," from the weeping goddess, attendant in one form or another, upon the dead young god of the Eastern cults, even should he find about our sepulchres, as in Sicily he might, Adonis-gardens of forced wheat in shallow dishes. A superficiality not, however, unknown; and not the less misleading, seeing that an author will often describe the expressions of these alien faiths in terms borrowed from Liturgy or Gospel, till it becomes all but impossible for the Christian student to work his way behind the familiar phrases to the true thought-attitude of an unfamiliar age, which is alone important,¹ for identical words and even actions may express and spring from a wholly different spirit and intention.² It is a wholly different matter when these writers confine themselves to suggesting that the popularization of these Adonis-cults may have aided the extraordinary spread of the Faith, especially in Pontus and Bithynia.³ "The conception," writes Dr. Frazer,⁴ "of the dying and risen god was no new one in these regions. All over

¹ See Mr. Rhys Davids, in Lilly, *op. cit.* p. 35. It is interesting to note how disconcerted Cardinal Newman was by the apparent similarity of language and episode in the Buddhist records and the Gospels, until Mr. Rhys Davids had altered the whole colouring of the former, not only by his appreciation of their nature, but by his more accurate translation. In the *Hibbert Journal* for July, 1904, we have a letter signed "City Clerk," pointing out that "Orthodox Christianity stands or falls with its *uniqueness*." And the study of comparative religion has convinced its writer that neither in ethics, nor doctrine, nor mystical experience is this religion unique; or even foremost among faiths, if we compare with it the Hindu mind as expressed in certain sayings of Krishna.

² In that most modern of ancient books, *The Golden Ass*, Appuleius gives us a curious picture of Cybele's flagellants. "Infit (sacerdos) vaticinatione clamosa conficto mendacio semetipsum incescere atque criminari, quasi contra fas sanctæ religionis dissignasset aliquid: et insuper iustas poenas noxii facinoris ipse de se suis manibus exposcere." (App. *Met.* 8.)

³ Plin. *Epp.* 98.

⁴ *Op. cit.* iii. 195 and seq.

Western Asia from time immemorial the mournful death and happy resurrection of a divine being appears to have been annually celebrated with alternate rites of bitter lamentation and exultant joy." And again, referring to the dramatic representation of the death of the god, which was also a religious sacrifice in which a human victim fell,—“A man, whom the fond imagination of his worshippers invested with the attributes of a god [“of *the* god,” he should say], gave his life for the life of the world [“of the *clan*, or *nation*, or *land*,” would be an expression truer to the idea of the worship. It is worth remembering how hardly this idea of universality was connected with the mission of the Messiah Himself. This then would seem an instance of a perhaps unwarrantable use of Scripture-language]; after infusing from his own body a fresh current of vital energy into the stagnant veins of nature, he was cut off from among the living before his failing strength should imitate the general decay; and his place was taken by another, who played, like all his predecessors, the ever-recurring drama of the divine resurrection and death, . . . (and so) the blow struck on Golgotha set a thousand expectant strings vibrating in unison wherever men had heard the old, old story of the dying and risen god.” So far we should be tempted to differ but little from the writer; the presence of the cult facilitated the spread of the new religion, much as the presence of Roman roads sped its Apostles on their way and materially hastened its triumph. Room for difference might perhaps be found in the teleological value to be assigned to the facts. And yet we must never lose sight of Professor Robertson Smith’s acknowledgment that the deaths of the Semitic gods became singularly unethical in their influence, while for Greece, “although the story of Aphrodite’s love is human in tone and very winning, yet there are no moral or spiritual ideas in the worship at all, no conception of a resurrection that might stir human hopes; in this, as in Bion’s verses, Adonis personifies merely the life of the fields and gardens that passes away and blooms again. All that Hellenism could do for this Eastern god was to invest him with the grace of its idyllic poetry.”¹

Is this attitude of tolerant admission the only one which we can take up towards the facts of the Adonis ritual, and, in general, towards whole categories of facts on which men take their stand that they may crumble beneath our feet the

¹ Dr. Farnell, *Cults of the Greek States*, ii. 649.

specifically Christian position? Are we able to find more than a merely scientific interest in the explanations that the facts have called for and obtained? Few, no doubt, would care to adopt the galling and useless plan of obstinately denying all value and interest to an opponent's argument. But are we not often content with a barren refutation of what seems to us to be false, when we might actually use the resources of those we deem our enemies to support the very position they assail? We know well enough, *à priori*, that the new facts gathered by any science cannot but go to support the totality of truth, yet it may well be that we shrink from applying this principle in individual cases. An irrepressible energy, and industry, and a courageous faith, as well as wide learning, are indispensable. Antiquity is full of facts, not yet caught up into the sphere of Christian apologetic. Even for the mediæval mind, the Sibyl bore witness to truth, together with David; it is to our shame if we refuse to look into Antiquity, her cave; or if, by our rude and clumsy entry, we set flying in inextricable confusion the myriad records which she had ordered for our reading. The work were one of infinite delicacy, a work for a mind in full sympathy with the minds it studies; not coldly external to them, convinced that since all it possesses is true, it possesses all the truth, or rather, all truth's aspects, and that the "pagan in his darkness," not having all truth, has none. Our plea is therefore for an ever closer study of the history of the tendencies of mankind; man's efforts, strainings, reachings after God. We should find the same impulses and soul-hungers in the most different conditions, and yet expressed in almost the same language. We should see the desires of mankind toiling painfully upward, reaching so near to the truth that we wonder how they can miss it; then, left to themselves, swerving slightly, till the deviation becomes almost infinite. And we should see that the phenomenon of the Church, with her doctrines and ritual, is not merely one more expression in an eternal series of unsatisfied desires, but the conclusion of the series inasmuch as she satisfies it wholly, or, at least, offers to man the means of certainly attaining that satisfaction, having explained him to himself. For he will realize at length, by no cold-blooded argument of unimpeachable logic, but by the persuasive force of an appeal to all that he has ever known of himself, that those strong instincts of his,—so strong, because so essential to him; so weak, because so unexplained in source or goal,—were ever

making after a happiness and a truth offered swiftly and easily and in a mode unspeakably sublime, by the Christian Church. Nay, to the very details of her economy will those efforts be found to have tended. Her sacraments, her fertile crop of authorized devotions will be the answer to a multitude of human aspirations already familiar to the student of folk-lore, no less than her sublime doctrines of the Divine vision and union can throw a flood of light upon what Plato and Aristotle were really reaching after, when the latter sighed for that identification of personalities for lack of which perfect human friendship must ever be impossible; the other, for that final formula, of infinite content, yet infinitely removed from all experiences, which should explain everything, and yet which man, by the very nature of his mind, could never come to know. Truly, a worthy vindication of her catholicity, her motherhood. Her God is no half-helpless force, like him of Plato, rolling the world backwards and forwards on its eternal journey of useless advance and retreat; nor are the desires of men only the divine plaything, wherewith God sports, "now tossing one aloft, and now another thrusteth He down beneath the level of His hand."¹ Would that we had the workmen capable of coping with this huge work of synthesis, of tracing the innumerable ramifications of human "conation," and showing how they drooped or were developed all astray save when the Church caught them and trained them up to Christ; how her economy is the explanation and full justification of these reflex motions, if we may so call them, of man's soul.

It is not quite true to say that this has been many times attempted.² Even were it so, the fact remains that all her life the Church must be at answering the same questions, though changing her language when the questioner changes his. The "Varieties of Religious Experience" accumulated by Professor James, are after all no novelties: the theology built up by his American "Mind-doctors" of to-day is but the Stoic doctrine of the world-soul, evoked anew by the exigencies of their practice. And to all his difficulties the Church has had her answer, misunderstood by him only when her human interpreters

¹ Pindar, *P.* 8, 76. ἄλλοτ' ἄλλον ὑπερθε βάλλων, ἄλλον δ' ἐπὶ χειρῶν μέτρον καταβαίνει.

² Châteaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, for instance, might be quoted as offering to the æsthetic impulses of man's heart, full satisfaction in the Church as a realization of ideal beauty.

speak a foreign tongue, or when he is himself hard of hearing. Nor can we find an adequate response to our request in those sheaves of extracts from Plato or from Cicero that so often preface our text-books, and are for proving that these philosophers believed in God and the immortal soul even as we; extracts culled, as a rule, with no regard to context or to the genuine thought of the writer. There is but little to make us suppose that Plato believed in God, or Aristotle in the soul, in the modern Christian sense.

A wholly different line of research, again, is that which pursues the pre-Christian origins of our rites and practices, except in so far as the pagan ceremonies are shown to witness to some natural tendency or idea which the Church would never ignore, and which she could almost always welcome and transform, and which she would rarely altogether repress. It is beside the mark to describe such rites as that of the Easter fire as "pagan with a thin cloak of Christianity" cast over them. The Church assimilates what she accepts, accepting it, however, without disguise: it is thus she still retains the procession of April 25th, made on that date, in the form of the Robigalia, from the days of pre-Republican Rome; it is thus that of the Ambarvalia she has made her Rogation Litanies; and it is by a parallel process that she has rejected as unhealthy the widely-spread practice of placing a consecrated host in the mouth of a corpse before its burial, indisputably a survival of the rite of Charon's obol, inserted between the lips of the dead.

Apart, however, from the mere historical value of such research, which cannot be too much insisted on, an indefinitely strong argument for the Church can be based upon this very power of assimilation. There is here no clumsy *contaminatio* of "new faiths and old," as was the case in the Greek world. A recent treatment of the *Anthesteria* and of certain phases of hero-worship is of special interest as showing the powerlessness of the Olympian and Dionysiac worships to digest their predecessors.¹

It is not, then, for a mere aggregate of individual cases, or similar expressions that we ask: it is the study of these in so

¹ Miss J. E. Harrison, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, c. 2; c. 6, p. 319, seq. The theories of this writer, however, must be received with much caution. We may refer to Dr. Farnell's criticism of her book in the *Hibbert Journal* for July, 1904.

far as they witness to the yearnings and cravings of mankind, and, *ipso facto*, to the adequate response they may meet with in the Church. A universal sympathy seems to have moved mankind to regard the progress of the year as the history of a dying and risen god: the Church has no scorn for such an impulse: she has that to offer, which would seem almost explicitly ordered in view of it. Does not the institution, too, of the Eucharist stand in a wholly new light, when we look on it as the sublime and divine response to that blind craving for unity with their god and with each other, which savage tribes, separated so widely in time and space, thought to be achieved in their sacramental meal upon the "theanthropic" animal? The New Jerusalem comes down out of Heaven indeed; but she comes as a bride, and must not be out of all relation to the world that awaits her. St. Paul was willing to use the inscription he found at Athens to argue that all creation had been struggling towards the Unknown God whom she so needed, and he was more sympathetic with the effort to seek than contemptuous of the failure to find. And for all times the thought of de Musset is true.¹

Quand Horace, Lucrèce, et le vieil Epicure,
Assis à mes côtés, m'appelleraient heureux,
Et quand ces grands amants de l'antique nature
Me chanteraient la joie et le mépris des dieux,
Je leur dirais à tous, "Quoi que nous puissions faire,
Je souffre; il est trop tard; le monde se fait vieux;
Une immense espérance a traversé la terre;
Malgré nous, vers le ciel il faut lever les yeux."

It depends on us that the upward gaze does not lose itself in the mists, nor be dazzled by a light too strong for it to bear.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

¹ A. de Musset, *Espoir en Dieu*.

Blessed Edmund Campion's "Decem Rationes."

THERE are few books which are more interesting to the bibliographer than Blessed Edmund Campion's *Decem Rationes*. It is not an easy book to read, nor, even though it has passed through forty-seven editions, and has been translated into many languages, is it popular or in great demand. One might grant that most modern readers, even of a serious type, would probably put it down unread, if it were given them without its title, or any clue to its author. To appreciate the book a knowledge of the circumstances under which it was written is indispensable. But given that knowledge, given an acquaintance with the conflict between Protestant and Catholic, which at that moment had reached so critical a stage, given some idea of Edmund Campion and of his work, of the object which in this book he is endeavouring to bring about—the conversion of England—then we see the meaning of Marc Antony Muret's pithy verdict that the *Decem Rationes* was "written by the finger of God." Considering his public, Campion's work was indeed inspired.

Of the circumstances to which we have just alluded, the first is perhaps this, that the Elizabethan settlement of religion was an affair of politicians, carried in spite of the strenuous resistance of the Universities, especially that of Oxford. The settlement led to the deprivation and imprisonment of numbers of heads of colleges, and of popular fellows and tutors, in whose places were installed new men from Geneva, extremists, intellectually inferior to those who had been displaced, and representing a different spirit and different traditions. They were of course despised and hated by the admirers of the old régime, and Campion's college companions and Campion himself belonged to the latter class. We may be sure that they secretly rejoiced, when Catholic exiles, Harding, Stapleton, and Marshall, overthrew Jewell or Calhill in controversy, even as

Anglican Oxford of 1864 applauded Cardinal (then Doctor) Newman, when he vanquished Kingsley with his *Apologia*.

Situated as Catholics then were, the printing press was their most potent arm. Their resistance (especially their initial resistance) to the Elizabethan settlement, was, we must sadly confess, not glorious for the body as a whole. Under such circumstances the maintenance in the eyes of the world of the intellectual superiority of Catholicism became a matter of supreme importance, and upon the whole we may say that it was well maintained, and that the retention of the Faith in England during the first dozen years after the schism, even by a diminished minority, was due more to books than to any other external cause. When Cardinal Allen described the wonderful success of his seminarists, he stated that "books had opened the way."¹

When Fathers Persons and Campion began their memorable mission, they strove to attain the same objects, both by books, which at first they procured from abroad, and also by the offer of disputation. Disputations between champions of the two creeds were not so very rare at that time, and though the Fathers did not come to England with any set design of such a thing, it seemed an obvious thing to say, that, if they were given an opportunity of having their religion tried in that way, they would gladly accept the test, and in his well-known *Letter to the Lords of the Council*, Campion said this in a very telling, eloquent way, as was his wont. He could not have expected to obtain what he requested, for he did not mean his words to be published. But in case he should be arrested and confined so closely that no one should be able to communicate with him, then his friends were to make this writing known. The enemy would then not dare to do what had been done in other cases, to discredit the prisoner by reporting him to be wavering in the faith. That would never be believed, if the *Challenge* were not taken up.

But Mr. Thomas Pounce, to whom Campion had confided the duplicate of his declaration, was so much charmed by its style and vigour that he communicated it in MS., first to one friend then to another, until all the world heard of it.

Whereat the adversaries were mad, answering out of the pulpit, that themselves certes would not refuse to dispute, but the Queen's pleasure was not that matters should be called in question being

¹ W. Allen, *Apologie of the Seminarists*, 1581, p. 26.

already established. In the meantime they tear and sting us with their venomous tongues, calling us seditious, hypocrites, yea heretics too, which is much laughed at. The people hereupon is ours, and that error of spreading abroad this writing hath much advanced the cause.¹

Soon after this, about the beginning of November, 1580, Persons and Campion met for consultation, and one of the more important points they had to decide was, what steps should now be taken in view of the noise made by Campion's letter, which his adversaries had already nicknamed his *Challenge*, though he himself had purposely avoided that word, "being loth to speak anything that might sound of an insolent brag or challenge." The missionaries agreed that it would be well to make preparations for a set answer to the books which the *Challenge* was sure to provoke. Another plan was proposed at the same time. Campion had been in his time a great favourite at Oxford, and his style was much admired there. It was therefore suggested that he should write "something in Latin to the Universities."

Whereunto though he opposed some difficulties at the first, yet after he was content, and promised so to do if we would give him the subject whereof to treat. Whereat divers men proposed divers matters, some of consolation unto Catholics in this time of persecution, some of encouraging the weak to stand and reprehending such as for worldly fear did shrink from God, others to reprove the manner of the Protestants' proceedings contrary to their own doctrine and protestations in times past, and some others finally that he should write of some points in controversy. All which opinions when Father Campion had heard he paused awhile, and then said that all the matters mentioned were good, but yet if the thing were left to his own choice he had thought of a peculiar argument that none yet had named, and being asked what it was he answered *De hæresi desperata*, to show that heresy did now despair in England. Whereat, when all that were present could not choose but laugh and wonder to hear him fall upon that argument at such a time, when they seemed most to flourish and triumph in England and to threaten persecution, "Even for this cause," said he, "seemeth that argument most fit at this time, for that this manner of their cruel proceeding by terror is the greatest argument that may be of their desperation, for if they had any confidence at all in the truth of their cause, they would never proceed in this manner."

These various details, the readiness to take advice, the initial doubts about his own powers, the appeal to others for a subject, which however he finally selects himself for reasons all his own

¹ Campion to Aquaviva, [November] 1580. Simpson, p. 176.

—these are highly characteristic of Campion, and must be borne in mind if we would judge aright of his work and of its objects.

Though every one agreed that Campion ought to write, nothing was said about leaving him leisure for study. He was off again betimes on an arduous missionary journey through the Midlands, to Derbyshire and Lancashire, where his time was fully occupied with preaching, confessions, and consultations with those who came to see him. "I am quite overwhelmed with business, to which I am obliged to devote the whole day from early morning till midnight, after I have said Mass and Office and preached sometimes twice in the day." The words are those of Father Persons, but Campion might have used them equally well, if he had occasion to do so. Yet amid all his distractions, and the ceaseless disquiet produced by the constant presence of danger, he found time to commence his Latin address to the Universities on *Heresy in Despair*. The introduction to the *Ten Reasons*, as we now have them, is precisely on that topic. But, after making his commencement, he received in succession Charke's *Answer* to his *Challenge* and another response from Meredith Hanmer. These books were respectively licensed for printing on the 20th of December and 3rd of January,¹ and would probably have appeared immediately, as they are both very short. Ten days later, Father Persons had answered both at once in his book, *A brieffe censure of two bookees written in answeare to M. Edmonde Campion's offer of disputation*.

These successive publications induced Campion to alter and improve the book which he had been planning. He abandoned the somewhat "euphuistic" conceit of *Heresy in Despair*, and united the two ideas of defending his *Challenge* and addressing the Universities. He now resolved to "render to the Universities the *Ten Reasons*, relying upon which he had offered disputation to his adversaries in the cause of Faith."²

So amid his unceasing movements, labours, and dangers, without other aids than his own memory and the few notes he might carry in his pocket, and such books as the Lancashire and Derbyshire squires of those days had in their houses, Campion wrote off in a very few weeks (let us say conjecturally

¹ E. Arber, *Registers of the Company of Stationers of London*, vol. ii. p. 176.

² *Rationes Decem, quibus fretus certamen adversariis obtulit in causa fidei Edmundus Campianus*, with running title, *Rationes Reddite Academicis*.

between the middle of February and the middle of March, 1581) his wonderfully pithy and truly learned work.

It is quite impossible to give any summary account of the contents of this book which will fairly explain its literary and scientific value. His idea was to draw up headings or theses which could afterwards be expanded, and yet to adorn these summaries with the charm of style and eloquence. That he succeeded the results abundantly testify, but it is also evidently impossible to break up or reduce his short paragraphs without entirely ruining the sequence of the thought and the charm of the language. The topics handled in the *Reasons* are briefly these: in the first two, Holy Scripture; in the Third, the nature of the Church; in the Fourth, the Councils. The Fifth and Sixth Reasons deal with the Fathers; the Seventh with History; the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth with miscellaneous topics, the paradoxes and sophisms, and other obvious shortcomings of the Reformers.

It is not hard to see how a theme like this might be treated in a weak, wordy way, and how it might also be treated with force and trenchancy. Campion handles his topics with deftness, point, and vigour. His Latin, though perhaps too Livian for modern critics, is unquestionably excellent. We may regret that, like other writers of the day, he is not quite so courteous to opponents as modern taste requires. Still, considering his circumstances, his moderation cannot be denied. A noticeable feature in this book, as in all Campion's writings, is that while every word seems dictated by genuine goodness of heart, it is also uttered in a tone of the most profound conviction.

Campion had finished his work and sent it to Persons sometime before Easter, March the 26th. Persons, it would seem, though he had looked for something well written, had not expected to see such a display of learning, and so many references and quotations. He was a better controversialist than Campion, and perhaps realized better than his senior the risks of printing off such a book at a distance from the author and from adequate libraries. In his first set of *Memoirs*¹ he says:

¹ It may be said that Persons wrote four sets of *Memoirs* of this period.

I. On receiving from Father Aquaviva in 1593 an order to write the life of Campion, he first wrote a set of brief Latin notes, *De Vita Edmundi Campiani*, covering the whole life—now known to us through Father Grene's transcript. Stonyhurst, *Collectanea*, P. ff. 149 et seq.

II. In 1594 he commenced a life in English, written with all the details he could gather. This life is (so far as we know) imperfect, and only goes down to the end

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Meanwhile Campion had advised me, that having seen the books which Chark and Hanmer had written against him, and the *Censure*, by which they were answered, he had changed his subject from *De Hæresi desperanda* to *Reasons Rendered*, &c., and sent me the book to be printed. But I, seeing the many citations, and not having a supply of books at hand, knowing also that our adversaries would immediately examine [the references], sent word for him to come to London, and I persuaded him to come up in a new disguise, and to stop on his way at inns and public hostels, not in the houses of Catholics.

Father Paul Bombino, who wrote the first and fullest biography of the martyr, has amplified the above account by the addition of some further particulars, which may have been gleaned from Father Persons, or in this case probably from Father Fitzherbert.

Campion having completed his book, sent it to Persons, for he would never have published it without that Father's approval.

But Persons [on seeing the references, &c.] wrote to Campion, and asked him if he was quite sure that the authors cited, were quoted faithfully. Campion answered that nothing had been alleged, except what was plain and obvious, and very carefully verified. When this reply was received, Persons, who was in suspense about this point only, and admired all the rest, not only approved, but ordered the book to be published. Campion however took the further precaution of getting friends to collate his words with the passages quoted. Amongst the most diligent of these was Thomas Fitzherbert [then a young man just married, afterwards a Jesuit]. At Persons' request he visited the London libraries, for, being a man of good birth and a noted scholar, he could do so in safety. In fine, having found that all was quite

of 1580, but so far as it does go it gives us by far the best picture of Campion that we possess. (Privately printed in *Letters and Notices*, 1876, 1877.)

III. In 1598 he wrote some *Notæ pro Scribenda Vita sua*. These are mere brief memoranda, but often give names and dates omitted elsewhere.

IV. In 1607 he wrote a series of *Punti* or points, to assist in the composition of the *Litteræ Annuæ Societatis Jesu*. These being written for foreigners, are much fuller, and form our best source for the period after 1580 (where the second set of Memoirs cease) till the end of 1584, where these Memoirs also unfortunately end abruptly. Of the latter there are full transcripts in the foreign Jesuit archives, and an almost complete transcript among Father Grene's papers at Stonyhurst. This latter manuscript is our sole authority for Memoirs II. and III. A serviceable edition of the whole set of Memoirs, with his *Story of Domestic Difficulties* (which traverses the same period, but begins earlier), is a work very much to be desired. Perhaps some of the deficiencies in the above-mentioned MSS. might be supplied from the extracts made by Father Ambrose Corbington or Corby, written (in Latin) before 1647. They are now in the Westminster Archives, vol. ii. pp. 181—385.

accurate, he brought the good news to Persons, and urged on the publication of the work.¹

It was probably early in April before all the negotiations here mentioned were completed, and Campion set out for London. Whilst he was riding up he was once very nearly captured, and his manuscript with him, in spite of his careful disguise. As the incident has escaped his biographers, it may well be recounted here, from a contemporary letter in the Vatican.²

The Fathers of the Society in England have been delivered many times, and thrice almost miraculously, from the enemies' hands. One of them, Campion, on his way from York to London was watched by a certain fellow in hope of reward, to see where he stayed, and whither he was going. When they had come to a certain town thirty miles from London, the rascal gave information to a magistrate, telling the name of his fellow-traveller, describing his appearance, and giving other signs by which he might be known. A boy heard the man dealing with the magistrate about the Jesuit, and noted all that took place. But as the word "Jesuit" was quite strange and unknown to him, he ran off at once to the inn, where the Father had put up, called him by his proper name, and also by that of "Jesuit," and advised him save himself by flight. And so he providentially escaped. Similar adventures have happened at other times.

Meantime Father Persons had prepared everything for Campion to begin to print as soon as he got to town. It must be remembered that Persons had himself by this time printed three books, as to which there is no room to write fully here, though the history of each was as romantic in its way as that of the *Ten Reasons*.

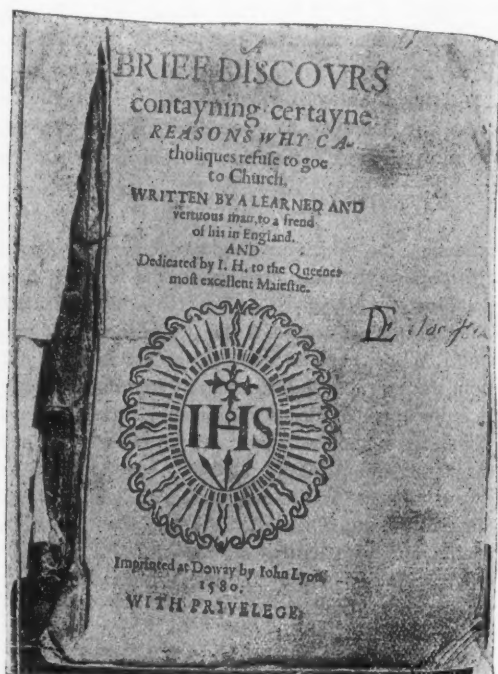
The risks had been many, both in visiting libraries, procuring printers and binders, and putting the book into circulation when finished. Mr. Stephen Brinkley in each case had superintended the printing, and the localities selected for the press had been the houses of various Catholic gentlemen in the

¹ Paolo Bombino, *Vita et Martyrium Edmundi Campiani*, Mantua, 1620, p. 132. Campion's answer, "Nihil allatum esse nisi plane perspectum, summaque diligentia pertentatum," seems to be pressed rather too far in Father Morris's otherwise admirable article, in this periodical for July, 1889.

² Vatican Archives, Castel S. Angelo, caps. xiv. ii. 36. Undated [? April, 1581].

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vicinity of London. Many features of the *Decem Rationes* are also found in Brinkley's early works.



TITLE-PAGE OF A BOOK BY PERSONS PRINTED BY BRINKLEY.

I. H. stands for John Howlett, the pseudonym used by Persons for this work. The name John Lyon, and the place Douay are also pseudonyms. Lyon, however, was a Catholic printer, who after enduring many sufferings in England had gone to Douay. (*Douay Diaries*, Edit. Knox, pp. 133, 136.) The book itself is printed in Black-letter. The original back may be seen through the tear in the fly-leaf. In order to save time in binding, the book has been "stabbed" through the sides, not sewn through the back, and bound in parchment, the sides of which have in this case been clipped by some vandal. The original volume is now in the library of Stonyhurst College.

Of the actual preparations for printing the *Ten Reasons*, Persons gives this account in his final series of Memoirs:

Persons was of opinion that Campion should come up to London immediately after Easter [March 26th] to examine the passages quoted, and to assist the print. Meanwhile Persons began to prepare new means of printing, making use of friends and in particular of a certain priest called William Morris, a learned and resourceful man, who after-

wards died in Rome.¹ This was necessary, as the first press near London, where the first two books had been printed, had been taken down. Eventually and with very great difficulty he found, after much trying, a house belonging to a widow, by name Lady Stonor, in which she was not living at that time. It was situated in the middle of a wood, twenty miles from London.

To this house were taken all things necessary, that is, type, press, paper, &c., though not without many risks. Mr. Stephen Brinkley, a gentleman of high attainments both in literature and in virtue, superintended the printing. Father Campion then coming to London, with his book already revised, went at once to the house in the wood, where the book was printed and eventually published. Persons too went down to stay with him for some days to take counsel on their affairs.

Stonor Park, to which Campion and Persons had betaken themselves,² is still in the possession of the old Catholic family of that name, and of which Lord Camoys is the representative. Father Morris says that "the printing, according to the traditions of the place, was carried on in the attics of the old house."³ Being near Henley it was possible to go there by road or by water, and one might come and go on the Oxford high-road without attracting attention.

Still there was grave risk of discovery from the noise made by the press, and from the number of extra men about the house, as to the fidelity of each of whom it was impossible to be absolutely sure. Day by day the dangers thickened round them. One evening William Hartley, a priest and afterwards a martyr, who was helping in the work, and had then just come back from a visit to Oxford, mentioned casually that Roland Jenks, the Catholic stationer and bookbinder there, was again in trouble, having been accused by his own servant. Jenks was doubtless known to all Oxford men, indeed but three years before his name had been noised all over Europe. He had been sentenced to have his ears cut off for some religious offence, when suddenly the Judge was taken ill, and, the infection travelling with marvellous rapidity, the greater part both of the bench and of the jury

¹ Father Bombino calls him Richard Morris, and says he went into exile and lived with Allen first at Rheims, and afterwards at Rome, where he died in the English College. (*Vita Campiani*, p. 139.)

² Father Morris, in the article above mentioned, identified the lady who let or lent Stonor Park, with Dame Cecilia Stonor, daughter of Leonard Chamberlain. Father Persons describes her as a widow, and if so, the Sir Francis, then alive, was not her husband, but her son. Both had the same Christian name.

³ On the other hand, Mr. Thomas Edward Stonor, in a correspondence to be mentioned immediately, says that there were no definite traditions as to the actual locality of the press.

were stricken down with gaol fever, and two judges, twelve justices, and other high officials, almost the whole jury, and many others, died within the space of two days.¹

In mentioning Jenks's new troubles Hartley probably did not realize the extent of the danger to the whole party which they portended. Persons had in fact employed the very servant, who had now turned traitor, to bind a number of books for him at his house in London, which with all its contents was thus in a perilous condition. Early next morning an express messenger was sent in to town with orders to hide or destroy Persons' papers and other effects. It was already too late; that very night the house had been searched, and Persons' letters, books, vestments, rosaries, pictures, and other pious objects, had all fallen into the hands of the pursuivants. Worse still, Father Alexander Briant, afterwards a martyr, and one of the brightest and most lovable of the missionaries, was seized next door, and hurried off first to the Counter, then to the Tower, where he was repeatedly and most cruelly racked to make him say where Persons might be found.

Information about his torture was brought to the Jesuits at Stonor, and one can easily see how grave and disturbing such bad news must have been. "For almost the whole of one night," says Persons, "Campion and I sat up talking of what we had better do if we should fall into their hands. A fate which befell him soon after."

The Registers of the Privy Council inform us that their Lordships gave orders to have Jenks sent up to London on the 28th of April. This settles approximately the date of the beginning of the printing at Stonor, and the book was not finished till nearly the end of June. So the work lasted about nine weeks, a fairly long period when we consider the smallness of the book itself, which would perhaps not take up more than 24 pages of this Review. It will, however, be shown from intrinsic evidence, that the stock of type was very small. The printers had to set up a few pages at a time, to correct them at once, and to print off, before they could go any further. Then they distributed the type, and began again. When all was finished they rapidly stabbed and bound their sheets. Considering the fewness of the workmen² and the unforeseen

¹ Challoner, *Missionary Priests*, Intro. p. 12.

² As five printers were subsequently arrested, we know their names, and they deserve to be recorded here, viz., Stephen Brinkley, John Harris, John Hervey, John Tuher, John Compton. Allen speaks of seven workmen. (*Douay Diary*.)

delays which so often occur during printing, the time taken over the production does not seem extraordinary.

For many years no example of the original edition of the



TITLE-PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF THE "DECEM RATIONES,"
NOW AT STONYHURST.

Notice the device which is identical with that shown in the last plate. On the left margin may be observed the four stabs of the original binder.

The volume represented above is now bound up with a copy of Sander's *De Eucharistia*, 1570, and this, as appears from the various inscriptions on its title-page, was given by the well-known priest, John Bridgwater, one of the writers of the *Concertatio*, and a contemporary of Campion at Oxford, to the English Carthusian Convent, called "Shene Anglorum," at Nieuport, whence it passed in the year 1746 to the Carmelites of the same town. The binding, which keeps the two books together, is of about the latter date, certainly not much later, and perhaps more ancient. Consequently we can be sure that the copy of the *Decem Rationes* belonged to the Carmelites, while it may have belonged to the Carthusians at an earlier period.

In 1863, a copy of the *Decem Rationes* was in the possession of Mr. Godwin, a bookseller of Oxford. He showed it to Mr. T. E. Stonor, who wrote a description of it in the *Miscellany* of the Philobiblon Society for 1864, with a photograph of the title-page. A comparison of the above plate with this photograph shows that the worm-holes and other accidental marks exactly correspond. The original therefore is the same in both cases. It is the Nieuport-Oxford copy, which is now at Stonyhurst. A *tirage à part* of Mr. Stonor's contribution to the *Philobiblon Miscellany*, which must have belonged to Mr. Godwin, for it contains Mr. Stonor's letters to him bound up with it, is also at Stonyhurst.

Decem Rationes was known to exist; none of our great public libraries in London or at the Universities possesses a copy. But it was the singular good fortune of the late Marquess of Bute to pick up two copies of this extremely rare volume, and he munificently presented one of them to Stonyhurst College, and by the courtesy of the Father Rector and of the librarian, Father Herbert Lucas, I am now able to offer a minute description of the precious little book.

The volume is, considering the printing of that time, distinctly well got up. There is nothing at first sight to suggest that its publication had been a matter of so much difficulty and danger, but when one scrutinizes every page with care, one finds that it bears about it some traces of the unusual circumstances under which it was produced.

If we look first for the water-mark in the paper we shall find that it is the pot—the ordinary English sign; a proof, if one were needed, that the book was really printed in this country. The sheets run from A to K (with prefixed ‡), in fours, 16mo, the folios are 44, of which 39 are numbered (but by accident the pagination is omitted from 1 to 4, and 40 is blank as well as the fly-leaves).

Let us think of what this means. Eleven signatures for 44 folios, 16mo, means that only eight pages 16mo went into each printing frame, or, in other words, that the frame was so small that it would have been covered by half a folio sheet, 9 by 13 inches. They probably printed off each little sheet by itself, for if they had had a larger frame so as to print an entire folio sheet—then we should have found in the finished book that the water-mark would recur once in each sixteen pages. In point of fact, however, it only recurs irregularly in the first, fifth, and tenth gathering. This could not have occurred unless the sheets used were of half folio size.

A Greek fount was evidently wanting. Campion was fond, after the fashion of scholars of that day, of throwing into his Latin letters a word or two of Greek, which in his autograph are written, as Mr. Simpson has remarked, with the facility of one familiar with the language. Here on fol. 24a we find *adynata*, where *ἀδύνατα* would have been in Campion's epistolary manner. Again, on fol. 4b he quotes, "Hic calix novum testamentum in sanguine meo, qui (calix) pro vobis fundetur," and in the margin *Poterion Ekchynomenon*, in Italics, where Greek script, if obtainable, would obviously have been preferred.

A further indication of the difficulties under which type had been procured is seen in the use of a query sign of a Black-letter fount (*i.e.*, ?) instead of the Roman fount (*i.e.*, ?). (See the photograph below.) This will be the more readily comprehended when we remember that Father Persons' books, which Brinkley had printed before, were in English, and that English prose was then still generally printed in Gothic character.¹

So Persons also made use of it in order that there might be nothing in his books to strike the eye as unusual in books of that class. Campion's volume on the other hand being in Latin, it was necessary to procure a new set of "Roman" type. The use of the black-letter query-signs would not at once attract attention, so they were kept, though all else was changed.

A further trace of the difficulty in finding type is found in the signs for *a*, *e*, diphthong.

This combination recurred very frequently in Latin, and the printers had very few of them. Very soon after starting we find them substituting for Roman an Italic diphthong, *æ*, also *o*, *è* (*œ*), and even *ę*, an ordinary mediæval form of the sign. It will be noticed that these substitutions become increasingly frequent, as we approach fol. 12 (end of signature C), fol. 32 (end of signature H), and 36 (end of signature I), whereas as soon as the next signature begins the fount of *æ* is ready to hand again. The conclusion to be deduced is that leaves C, H, and I were printed off, and the type distributed, before the setting up of D, I, and K was proceeded with. (See the plate on the next page.) This illustrates what has been said before of the very small size of the printing establishment.

Another slight peculiarity ought perhaps to be noticed: it is the accentuation of the Latin. Adverbs, for instance, are generally accented on the last syllable, *e.g.*, *doctiùs*, *facilè*, *quàm*, *eò*, *quò*; the rule, however, is by no means regularly kept. But this has evidently nothing to do with the peculiar conditions under which Campion's book was produced, and is to be accounted for by the use of accents in other publications of the same class. Nothing was then definitely settled about the accentuation of either French, Italian, or Latin, and Campion's volume does but reproduce the uncertainty on the matter which was everywhere prevalent.

Whilst the printers were contending with the difficulties

¹ The custom however was already changing, and "Roman" type soon afterwards came into general use.

Rationes Reddite

pla & molit⁹ nostra. qui? H^{er}etici, cuius ecclesie perduelles⁹ nostrae. Que enim ecclesia pr^{ter} nostram, omnib⁹ inferorum portis se opposuit?

Mat. 16.

Iudei. Cum pulsis hebreis, Christiani crescerent Hierosolymis, Deum inimic⁹ mortalem, qui concursus hominum Hier⁹ in ep^{ist}, ad loca sacra fuit, que v^{obis} religio, *Paul.* quia sepulchri, que presepi, que crucis, que monumentorum omnium, *Marcel. & Passim in ep.* quibus velut exuijs mariti Ecclesia sponsa delectatur? Hinc manavit in nos Iudeorum odium, ferum & implacabile. Queruntur etiam nunc, maiores nostros maiorib⁹ suis exitio fuisse. A Simone Mago & Lutheranis nullum ictum acceperunt.

In Ethnicis violentissimi fuer⁹, qui toto Imperio, trecentis annis, per interualla temporum, aerum osissima Christianis supplicia machinati sunt.

Quibus? Patribus & filiis nostrae fidei. Quibus? Patribus & filiis nostrae fidei. Cognoscite vocem tyranni qui D^{omi}ni Laurentium torruit in craticula.

*Hunc**Academicis.*

33

Hunc esse vestris Orig^{en}is Mor^{is} & artem proditum est: *Prud. in hym. de S. Laurent.*

Hanc disciplinam feceris, Libent⁹ ut auro antilites.

Argentis scyphis ferunt,

Funare sacrum sanguinem,

Auroq^{ue} nocturnis sacris,

Adflare fixos cereos,

Tunc cura summa est fratribus,

(Ut sermo testatur loquax)

Offerre, fundis venditis,

Sestertiorum millia,

Addicta auro^{rum} praxidia

Exdis sub auctionibus

Successor exhaeres gemit,

Sanctis, egenis, parentibus.

Hæc occultantur abditis

Ecclesiarum in angulis:

Et summa pietas creditur

Nudare dulces liberos,

Deprome thesauros, malis

Suadendo quos praxigijis

Exaggeratos obtines,

Nigrante quos claudis specu.

*Hos**I.*

This shows the last page of leaf H, in which the "Roman" æ signs have been exhausted, and the beginning of I, where they re-appear. On the left may also be seen the black-letter query-signs.

arising from the smallness of their stock, difficulties which no doubt caused vexatious and dangerous delays, Campion and Persons resumed their missionary labours with vigour. In his *Memoirs* Persons writes :

Whilst the preparations were being made Campion preached unweariedly, sometimes in London, sometimes making excursions. There was one place [that of the Bellamy's] whither we often went, about five miles from London, called Harohill. In going thither we had to pass through Tyburn. But Campion would always pass bareheaded, and making a deep bow, both because of the sign of the Cross, and in honour of some martyrs who had suffered there, and also because he used to say that he would have his combat there.¹

Father Bombino² managed to find out some further details. Miss Bellamy's house, he tells us, had a good library, and as to Campion's conduct at Tyburn, he explains that the shape of the gallows was a triangle, supported at its three angles by three baulks of timber; the tie beams, however, suggested to Campion the Cross of Christ.

From the State Papers we hear of other families and places said to have been visited by Campion at this period, the Prices, of Huntingdon; Mr. William Griffith of Uxbridge; Mr. Edwin East, of Bedlow, Bucks; Lady Babington, at Twyford, Bucks; Mr. Dormer's, at Wynges, and Mrs. Pollard's.³

In spite of alarms, dangers, and interruptions, the work of printing was concluded without mishap, and the greater part of the copies were given to William Hartley, who has been already mentioned, in order to be conveyed to Oxford and distributed there before what Father Persons calls "the

¹ *Memoirs*, i. cap. 26; *Collectanea P.* fol. 155.

² Bombino, *Vita Campiani*, p. 136. Some of Bombino's additions are not, perhaps, arranged in their true chronological order. He tells us, for instance, *à propos* of Brinkley's difficulties in getting printers, that he had to dress them, and give them horses to ride, like gentlemen. But he does not make it clear whether these were the men who printed the *Ten Reasons*, or Persons' previous works. Bombino says that Brinkley paid for the type, &c., but Allen, in a contemporary letter, says that George Gilbert had left a fund for these purposes. Bombino says the printing of the *Decem Rationes* was commenced at Brinkley's own house at Greenstreet, and had to be removed because one of the servants was arrested in London, and tortured to make him confess, which he heroically refused. Campion and Persons knowing of the torture, not of the man's constancy, at once removed the press. But Persons' *Memoirs* ascribes this incident to an earlier period. (*Domestical Difficulties*, p. 119; *Autobiography* for 1581.)

³ Simpson, p. 217, following Lansdowne MSS. xxx. 78.

26 *Blessed Edmund Campion's "Decem Rationes."*

Act, which was in the beginning of July." The book at once made its mark, especially at Oxford, as Father Persons tells us, where many remembered and loved the man, or at least knew of his gentle character, and of the career he had abandoned to become a Catholic missionary. The book recalled all this, and to those who were able to enter into its spirit, it preached with a strange, penetrating force. By all the lovers of classical Latin, and there were many such at that day, it was read greedily. The Catholics and lovers of the old Faith received it with enthusiasm, but a more valid testimony still to its power was given by the Protestant Government, which gave orders to its placemen that they should elaborate replies. These replies drew forth answers from the Catholics, and the controversy lasted for several years. Mr. Simpson has included an outline of this controversy in his *Life of Campion*, and to it I may refer my readers, having nothing substantial to add to his account.

J. H. POLLEN.

The Plague of the Text-book.

AMONG the manifestations of doubtfully-useful activity none perhaps is more striking than the multiplication of text-books. Daily through the post come the catalogues of rival publishers, and on their pages every branch of possible study finds a place. Text-books by native writers and translations from foreign tongues jostle one another in the race for circulation, and the productions of yesterday are pushed aside by the productions of to-day. There are "outlines" and "first principles," "aids" and "annotations," "manuals," "questions on the manuals," "synopses of manuals," and "questions on the synopses."

Exegi monumentum, wrote the Roman poet, and he rejoiced in the work accomplished and in the fame to come. With an extension of the means of education and of self-advertisement the desire of literary fame has grown. Every assistant-master, tutor, professor sets up his monument—a monument in octavo, strongly bound, of irreproachable type, neatly paragraphed, and bearing on the title-page the name in full and the presumable qualifications of the writer. To a few only is it given to move the world by thought: it is possible for any one to produce a text-book. The recipe is simplicity itself. It may be found with change of name in any housewife's kitchen notes:—Take an existing text-book and extract therefrom the elements of the subject, paraphrase and boil down, spice with quotations from recognized authorities and serve steaming hot. The manner of serving is important. These are the days of quick-lunches and ten-minute sermons, and in the hurry of the moment much fare, material and mental, is accepted without question if only it be steaming hot.

Those of us who are already past our youth look upon the kaleidoscopic display in awed wonderment, and think of school-days which glided placidly away in the company of thumb-worn and ancient handbooks. These we inherited from elder brothers along with coats and waistcoats grown too small for

the wearers, and they were in turn passed on to the next generation of school-boys.

It may be that the bygone Mentors were unequal to their task. They lived and died before the era of concentric schemes, heuristic methods, and Herbartian stages. It must be—our belief in an all-round development urges the conclusion—that among the newer order of text-books are some which excel the old. It is not with text-books as such that our quarrel lies; our grudge is against the travesties of learning which force themselves on our notice, against the horde of counsellors who pretend to wisdom, against the enthronement of the text-book on the shrine of knowledge. The old-time text-book was doubtless defective. It advanced no claim to finality, and was understood to serve merely the purpose of an introduction to the works of standard writers. The point of view is changed. The text-book has become both means and end, and of the students who tread the labyrinth of manuals but few there are who find their way to the fields of knowledge beyond.

The extension and ramification of public examinations has been a direct incentive to the output of text-books. Every change of syllabus made by the various examination-boards is attended by a new set of manuals especially contrived to cover exactly the prescribed course; and existing manuals are thrown aside because they contain too much or too little. The manuals so put together may be of value or otherwise. The latter alternative is the more likely, for, apart from their necessarily hurried compilation, the end in view is the anticipation of examiners rather than the orderly treatment of the subject. And the student is not slow to catch the spirit of the compiler. He, too, fixes his attention on the meaner end, and the limits of the text-book are for him co-extensive with the subject he is supposed to study. Thus he comes to regard its statements as final and absolute, whereas indeed they are most commonly but provisional and partial; and he becomes impatient of more scholarly works, the modest, guarded statements of which appear to him but doubtful generalities.

Among the results of a misuse of text-books are a narrowing of the sphere of knowledge, a tendency to mistake the elements which enter into knowledge for knowledge itself, an inability to face the world of thought as a world whose parts have value and meaning only when they are seen in relation to each other and to the whole. Unconsciously the student confines his

attention to "getting up" the book, and ceases from interrogating the subject. The new matter is taken in without discrimination; it is piled up hap-hazard; it is not recognized as an expansion and interpretation of knowledge possessed already in germ. The mind is fixed on the accumulation of facts as unconnected as are the words in a vocabulary, or the names of householders in a street directory. The memory—the purely verbal memory—is exercised unduly to the neglect of taste, discretion, and tact. A feverish eagerness to absorb the manual as written seizes on the diligent student, to the exclusion of inquiry or sifting of material. There is no time for selection of matter or for the verification and expansion of references, no room for conjecture or surmise. The reasoning faculty becomes feebler with the daily reception of untested evidence, and both the power and the desire of proceeding independently are stifled. The effect on the student's character is unpleasing. As a possessor of crude text-book statements his concept of life is very inadequate; he too often makes up for his incompetency by assertiveness and by a cocksureness devoid alike of the beneficent elements of reverence and of doubt.

It were not easy to say which class of text-books inspires most our mistrust—the science series with their pert formulas and question-begging, the books on language-learning with their tacit and misleading assumption that language is based on the rules and exceptions which they show forth, or the books on literature in which the living thought is subordinated to the dead letter. Perhaps those of the last-mentioned class are the least desirable, for they are the most obtrusive and the least necessary. With some truth it may be said that literature cannot be taught. Facts historical, biographical, and grammatical may be set out in footnotes; commonly accepted beauties and alleged defects may be tabulated in appendices; collateral passages may be quoted and keys to sources given; and the hotch-potch may be taken in good faith by the student; but it is not literature. Appreciation of literature, like the appreciation of harmony, of colour, of proportion, comes if at all from within: external circumstances may accelerate its development; they do not produce it. The text-book overlooks alike the origin of the literary sense and the conditions of its development. It would have all students mental athletes, but the athleticism is to be all of a pattern. On the physical

side we have an analogy. Bodily forces prompt to muscular activity; and this by natural bent expresses itself in different individuals in running, swimming, gymnastics, and the rest; and it is recognized by all that this variform expression is as desirable as it is inevitable. It is only when we come to mental forces and activities that leading-strings are fitted and individuality ignored.

What in truth is literature but a record of the infinitely diverse expression of the workings of the soul of man? The same subject is treated in very different ways by different writers, and on the other hand it is perhaps not too much to say that no piece of literature affects two readers in precisely the same way. Why exactly this is so it were as futile to inquire as it would be to ask the reason why some members of a family take sugar in their tea and some do not. But though the explanation is not apparent, the fact remains, and thus we need to leave unshackled the taste and prompting of the pupil. He should be largely free to wander at choice, to have full play for the instincts which impel him to works of the imagination, of speculation, or of fact.

It seems especially desirable in regard to literature that the pupil should be left very much to himself—to make what he can out of the books on which he is engaged, left to interpret them in terms of his own consciousness, since, indeed, no other interpretation is of value. It is well for him to have his own idea of the author fairly thought out, though his knowledge of detail may be slight; well for him to appreciate the differences between one writer and another, as he appreciates, though perchance without power of expression, the differences in the character and disposition of his own acquaintance. Aid he needs, oral or otherwise, which shall give him the force of unusual words and a clue to the unravelling of difficult passages, side-lights which shall give definiteness to thoughts otherwise obscure, hints and suggestions which shall prompt him to a first-hand examination of diction and of style. But it is one thing to provide information which may be drawn upon in case of difficulty, another thing to force on him information which is unasked, and the need of which has not yet been felt. It is injudicious to interpose frequently between author and reader. The student's interest proclaims that a bond of understanding is effected. The bond may not be exactly the same as in the case of the student's tutor: it is not

necessary, not even desirable, that it should be so. A linkage exists, and the thought of the pupil kindles at the fire of living thought.

Text-books in literature are usually more deadening in their effect than those which deal with science or language, inasmuch as their tendency is to obscure the main end and purport of the subject. At every turn the editor interposes to prevent the first-hand converse of author and student. Lovers of nature protest against the introduction of railway-lines and tram-cars, against the advertisements of motor-garage and patent medicines which disfigure the beauty spots of earth. Yet is not the mental landscape of the student disfigured and his attention diverted at every turn by finger-posts and placards? "Pause here for the effect of colour;" "Special attention should be given to this unique collection of flowers;" "The introduction of the waterfall conveys an idea of sublimity." Should the student assist at a gathering of celebrities he has an officious companion who plucks him each moment by the sleeve: "Is not Mr. A. amusing? His form of wit is called satire." "That remark was characteristic of Mr. B. He has been aptly compared with Mr. C." "Mr. D. is well known as an epigrammatist. Just there he seemed to copy Mr. E."

One of the charms of literature is a certain indefiniteness which cannot be reduced to rule, and which affects the reader as variously as atmospheric conditions affect the landscape-painter. So, too, without making a precise study of a friend we may appreciate him; we may be influenced, guided, inspired by him. It is essential for the student to be drawn towards the author he is reading, and this is best effected in the absence of a third person. The intrusion of the tutor, the frequent reference to notes, synopses, and appendices are hindrances to the intimacy of feeling, taste, and desire which might otherwise obtain. The student's concepts may be vague and scanty at first; they will take on form and completeness as the acquaintance ripens. Nor should the fact be overlooked that it is the mind of the reader which must form the picture, and that he must add at least as much as is given to him directly by the author.

In turning to another aspect of the subject we are reminded of Falstaff, with his one half-pennyworth of bread and his intolerable deal of sack. Whatever may be urged in favour of annotated copies of authors, there can be little doubt that the

notes should be subordinate to the text, and should bear directly upon it. Encyclopædic manuals which contain a hundred pages of text in large type, and two hundred pages of explanation in small type are clearly out of place in schools. An examination of these manuals will show that much of the matter in the notes is irrelevant, and much of what remains is unsuited to the pupils. Would not the time which is spent in laborious striving to memorize this matter be employed to greater advantage in scrutinizing, or even in memorizing, the text? Or with a deletion of three-fourths of the notes time would be available for an extended reading of the author. This is a matter of importance at the present moment, when literature is being reduced to tit-bits and hardly any one reads a book.

It is not a little strange at a time when much care is being devoted to making the actual teaching in schools bright and easy, that the field of literature, with its alluring sweetness and flowers, should be stone-walled and overset with briars. What can be more disagreeable than to have our pleasures administered as medicines, to be compelled to follow a play with eyes averted from the stage, to hear music through a diagrammatized medium of mathematical combinations? Let us recall for a moment our childhood with its freshness, its unselfishness, its heroism, its intuitive clear-sightedness, its boundless possibilities, and imagine a Robinson Crusoe with notes geographical, historical, and critical; or an analysis of the language, structure, and motive of *Alice in Wonderland*; or a summary of the character, style, and moral purpose of *Tom Brown's School-days*. Yet to this are we tending.

Where it will all end is lost in the haze of conjecture, and we sigh for a modern Omar who shall give us a new start and at the same time provide warm baths for an overwrought generation of school-boys. Meanwhile, a few brief suggestions may be not out of place.

Text-books are mainly for the beginner, and are intended to give him the elements of a study. These elements, however, will be shorn of much of their utility if they be not arranged to give a comprehensive view of the subject. Thinness, scrappiness, lopsidedness are to be avoided, and each volume should be in its own way a complete book. And it seems plain that this completeness of treatment is possible only at the hands of one who is fully master of his subject. Jacotot's

assertion that he could teach any subject, however slight his knowledge of it might be, is but a sorry boast ; and the person who undertakes to provide text-books in all the subjects of a school curriculum deceives alike himself and his readers.

The text-book is expected to be an aid both to pupil and teacher. Other things being equal, it should seem that they who have spent long years in actual teaching, and who know from experience the needs of teachers and the difficulties of pupils, are the most likely persons to produce text-books of real value.

Too often the text-book is in the nature of a compilation. In this case simplicity of language is rarely obtained, and unity is with difficulty preserved, the statements are unconvincing, and they fail to stimulate. Originality, or at least spontaneity of treatment is much to be desired.

A text-book should be suggestive. One of its chief aims should be to lead the pupil to independent inquiry, and it should prompt him to seek in his own experience confirmation and verification of its statements. Illustrations and examples are of the highest value, but if carried too far they indispose the reader for a careful examination of principles. There are handbooks of poetry, for instance, where the scansion of every line is marked ; and yet pupils who have used them diligently are found at times to be ignorant of the nature and value of a metrical foot.

While deprecating a crowding of detail, a word of warning may be given against an emasculation of the matter in the mistaken idea of making it easy or attractive. A text-book or a study is not worth taking up unless it assists the student towards making a solid advance of knowledge.

R. SMYTHE.

The Modern "Kismet."

IT was a momentous issue that hung in the balance of human choice when the words of the now world-famous quotation were first uttered, "*To be or not to be, that is the question.*" We have hitherto regarded them as the summing up of the philosophy of all human life and its issues great or small, in the sense that the determination of the question lies in our own hands and is governed by our individual will, and consequently that we are responsible for the action that results from our decision. "To be or not to be;"—as we choose, so do we make or mar our lives, benefit or wreck our future; and the nature of our decision is the key-note to our character. We have regarded the power of free-will as our grandest attribute, that which most widely separates us from the rest of animal creation, that by which we rise above the level of the brute beast. It is the creature of necessity or the machine that has no power of saying "*I will,*" or "*I will not;*" man claims the dignity of conscious control of his actions, a power by the voluntary exercise of which he is elevated into the domain of moral responsibility. In the simple and common-sense view of every-day life it is this power that makes the difference between the actions of the sane and the lunatic, or the sober and the drunkard; where the will is powerless, responsibility ends. We need not start on a discussion in theology or metaphysics as to the nature of Free-will; let us be content with the commonplace acceptance of the term as denoting our possession of the capacity of choice between any two courses of action which present themselves. It would seem clear that it is solely on the truth of this basis that any possible moral code could be built up, any distinction between right or wrong be maintained, or any lasting laws of social order be logically administered. On this fundamental idea rests every superstructure of positive or negative commandment, and all rights of authority; it is the corner-stone of

all education ; it constitutes the value of praise or blame, and it makes virtue a reality and vice a fact.

We are, however, now-a-days confronted with a new and more fashionable philosophy, which would fain teach us that the whole of this idea is a delusion unworthy of the advance of cultured thought, and wholly opposed to the results of scientific analysis. Our freedom of choice, our power of will, we are told, do not really lie within our own control, because every action we perform is the mere result of an infinite evolution, in the same manner as our bodies are the inevitable product of our irresponsible descent. We *think* we "will" our actions, we *imagine* we can choose our daily conduct ; but in reality we do so no more than we regulate the colour of our hair or our eyes, our stature, or our voice. The philosophy of agnosticism or materialism is no longer content with the determination of our Simian ancestry, which need not trouble us much after all, even if indisputably demonstrated. It has entered the domain of morals ; and by its teaching that every action is the outcome, *not* of our choice, but of inevitable laws of cause and effect, atavistic forces working out to a foregone conclusion, unconscious developments which we are powerless to modify, the dogma of "No will" is claiming its disciples.

There are people who smile at or deride the "*Kismet*" of the Oriental, when he subsides beneath what he considers an unalterable decree against which it were folly to offer resistance. At least his creed has the merit of the reverent acknowledgment of a Supreme Authority that has determined his fate. But the "*Kismet*" of modern philosophers lacks even this possible element of consolation. We have to become the victims of an ungoverned evolution, we are not even worthy of the position of minions of an Autocratic and Omniscient Being. Each action we do is the certain outcome of a given heredity in given circumstances. We think we "choose," but we no more do so than the oak chooses to grow from the acorn. We think we "will," but the mental process is not conscious volition, but the inevitable result of the combination of the circumstances in which we are placed, and their effect on the period of evolution in which we meet them. Thus could we but know all the millions of causes in the long backward chain that have gathered their forces in the embryonic germ whence springs the child, we could surely calculate what the grown man would be, how he would act under such and such circumstances, how

he is *bound* to become a murderer or a burglar, an honest man or a saint, and that he cannot help it. Hamlet no doubt imagined it rested with himself in which direction to settle the great question, "To be or not to be." It was not so, for really there was no question as to the issue; it was the necessary outcome of the ages past; volition is but a form of evolution; we are all at the mercy of a pitiless ancestry. If this brief summary of the Spencerian philosophy is either exaggerated or ignorantly stated, we offer every apology; but that this is the popular outcome of that philosophy there is no doubt. What are some of the logical results of this new Gospel of a dark and inevitable "*Kismet*"?

In the first place, if it is true, it is the death-blow of moral responsibility; it renders the ideas of Virtue and Vice meaningless; it paralyzes all effort for improvement in either the individual or the race. The only remaining basis for social law and order is purely an utilitarian one. I am bound to commit such and such a crime in such and such circumstances, as much bound as is the train to run down the incline with gathering momentum. But I am to be punished—if I am caught—because the experience of humanity has proved my crime to be injurious to the community at large. I have no real choice, still less any moral blame, but the policeman is an awkward necessity and unfortunately came across my path. Can I go into court and plead: "My Lord, I am not guilty: I am the product of the immutable laws of heredity and environment; my action is merely the outcome of centuries of evolution; the responsibility is not mine"? The plea would be excellent by the new philosophy; but it would not prevail as a preventative to the time of solitary consideration in the condemned cell! Hence, again, we see the hopelessness of any idea of reform of character in individuals. It would be useless to try to fight against the mighty forces that have so far found their present development in ourselves—according to the materialistic view, the idea of struggle would be hopeless. Where there can be no will there can be no battle; even if we think *we will*, we are deceived. We can only lapse into the position of automata before resistless forces, drift like the feather on the wind, try to avoid the penalties which utilitarianism has decreed, and finally pass away into nothingness as a mere force which will have its effect on all that follow in the relentless chain of that evolution by which we came,

and of which we have, without our volition, forged another link.

Again, how aptly this philosophy meets the modern need of making the excuse "I cannot help it; I suppose I was *made* so"—the common prevailing excuse of the ignorant who do not pose as philosophers. Clearly the philosopher and the ignorant meet on common ground here and can shake hands; their argument is in essence identical. And both philosopher and ignorant are tending to the inevitable outcome of such teaching, which is sure to prove most acceptable to the spirit and wants of this special age, the grand, elevating, and emancipating doctrine that there is no such thing as *Sin*! Sin implies volition, a lawgiver, consciousness of right and wrong, responsibility, the consequence of punishment: a philosophy that would do away with all this at one stroke would be obviously welcome and convenient. We do not wish to attribute unworthy motives to the modern philosophers, only humbly to point out whither they are tending and what will be the result of the teaching. To ignore the fact of sin, to defy it, to be blind to it, is one thing; but to teach it never existed at all, is another; and it is the inevitable outcome, if logically proved, of a purely materialistic creed. We can only hope that the professors of this creed are not too enamoured of its new beauties to view with indifference or complacency its ultimate results. At least, if they are convinced of the truth of their own conclusions, they might pause to consider the wisdom of having an exoteric as well as esoteric method of disseminating their literature among the community at large.

As an antidote to the dangerous conclusions of this modern materialistic school, we might ask the student, who is unwilling to submit to the theory of a revealed philosophy of human life, to turn to the practical and common-sense teaching on this subject of volition of the great philosopher of the Greeks. Are we responsible, discusses Aristotle, for our habits, often so overmastering that they become as second nature, and seem almost involuntary? The answer is affirmative, for each habit is made up of a series of actions, growing in intensity and fixity by repetition, and we are responsible for the initial acts by which the habit grew. Hence for crimes done, as it were, involuntarily through drunkenness, he would make the punishment double, for the crime itself, and for the *habit* of drink engendered by the primary acts by which it grew, which we could certainly

have helped. "Free-will, again," the modern philosopher says, and that is so; but also common sense. Is there one among us, sunk in the deep of degrading or overmastering vicious habit, who, if honest, cannot recall the day long ago when the first conscious departure was made, the first act when "I will" and "I will not" was a possible choice? Grasped in the iron vice of evil habit now, with will power almost gone, yet if really honest, they remember the day when choice was presented and was possible. Something tells them they are responsible, in spite of the modern school. In theology, we should call it "*the first occasion of sin.*" Greek philosophy agrees, in other terms, that there was an initial time of choice, a responsibility. It is the individual who is to blame himself, not to fall back upon the excuse of his inevitable atavistic tendencies.

We said above, "something tells them," and this brings us to a fact which the modern school has not yet clearly explained. Evolution does *not* explain the reality of conscience. There is no need to enter upon the discussion of this particular branch of evolution in a purely materialistic sense, or debate as to whether conscience is a natural faculty or the result of training and inheritance. It stands before us as a fact in every man, woman, and child, who has not slain it by inattention. What do our Catholic missionaries tell us of the heathen who come to the fold? That they have no need to instruct them for confession in what have been held to be the great primary truths of morality: they come naturally with their faults ready on their tongue: the great moral truths seem natural to them, and the "inner voice" is a sure prompter. In spite of philosophies, in spite of evolution, in spite of absence of free-will, men come simply, when they are honest, and say, "*Mea culpa.*" Whence comes it; how does the materialist explain it? The grand new philosophy falls to pieces before the greatness of the sense of sin; and in spite of evolution, heredity, environment, and all, men come simply, humbly, like the publican in the Temple of old, and say, "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*" And which do we really admire the most, the character of the man who says, "I could not help it," or of him who can say, "I am truly sorry,"—the man who takes his punishment as his due, or he who covers his moral failure by the weakness of self-excuse? The shifting of the blame on to other shoulders is as old as is the story of man's first fault. "The woman whom *Thou* gavest to be with me, *she* gave me of the tree, and I did eat," a

double effort to evade responsibility, an appeal to circumstances, a primary tribute to the forces of environment and heredity! How immeasurably greater the confession of David who fell so very low in the sudden moment of temptation, who started the train of such a terrible chain of consequent evil, and yet rose to the magnanimity of a penitence that gave to the world the 50th Psalm! "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned," is surely a grander philosophy than that of passive surrender to the power of a resistless evolution. Human repentance, which has been presented to us as being of such a value that its exhibition is even an addition to angelic happiness, becomes meaningless if it is but the involuntary action of a soulless machine. The returning prodigal is of no more value than the swine, to the level of whose habits the law of his evolution had lowered him!

And if sin be an unreality, and consequently repentance of no merit, it logically follows that virtue deserves no credit. However impenetrable to our present knowledge may be the mystery of the Origin of Evil, at least we can see this much, that but for its existence, and the possibility of our resistance, there can be no true virtue. There seems to be no more reason why we should reward actions, if they are but the necessary acts of the individual, than that we should praise the locomotive because it starts on its course when we move the lever. The motive for encouragement is gone, the honours paid to heroism ridiculous—in short we cease to deserve. The hero of the battlefield, who risks his life amid a hail of bullets to save a comrade, earns his V.C. and a nation's admiration, simply because he *might* have left him in the lurch and consulted his own safety: we should not decorate him for an act over which he had no possible control. Nor is there any reality left in that greatest of all moral forces, the power of example; because the possibility of imitation is not a matter of our volition. Lives of great men, the courage of martyrs, the roll of honour unfolded in history as worthy of our emulation, all of which have had an educational value for the race, can raise no aspirations in us if we feel that the effort to copy them is no longer within the domain of choice. If a plea is put in for the fact of our duty to humanity and to posterity, and that is to be the new motive for what the consensus of opinion deems right because it is utilitarian, let us not forget that the term *duty* has lost its power when it is no longer ourselves who observe or neglect its call;

such observance or neglect are bereft of any reason for blame or praise when they are only the outcome of a combination of circumstances. An eternal and gloomy "*Kismet*," with no room for virtue or vice, no encouragement for effort or repentance, no motive for striving to excel, wraps us round and paralyzes us like the deadly choke-damp in a mine—at least if we really accept the full conclusions of the new teaching. Fortunately human nature is too full of common sense to deliver up its most prized attribute at the demand for infallibility by the exponents of this latest creed.

Not that we can lightly estimate the terrible forces of what we must call environment and heredity, and the fact that they are mighty factors to handicap us in the struggles of daily life. But they are not inexorable scourges to lash us to an inevitable doom; if in some lives their pressure seems well-nigh irresistible, yet great examples have proved that through them there may be carved out a path to victory. Nor would we venture on the endless domain of discussion of the old difficulties between the doctrines of Predestination and Free-will. It is beyond the ordinary grasp of mind to harmonize the two; only at least we can see a difference between Fore-Knowledge and Fatalism. The Predestination of the Calvinistic schools, which claimed to "reform" the existing authority of Catholicism, is almost as repulsive as the materialistic idea of involuntary necessity. Equally degrading is the over-confidence of another class of non-Catholic teachers, whose doctrine can be summed up in the *Pecca fortiter* dictum attributed to the leaders of the mutiny from the Church. But without entering the area of theological discussion, we can take a brief glance as non-theologians at the Christian ideal of the meaning of life in contrast to the materialistic. In this ideal we see ourselves not as the victims of an inexorable inheritance, but raised to the honour of being servants of a Master, free agents to accept or reject His terms—a plain contract with feasible conditions being offered to our decision. It is the very voluntariness of our service, the very capacity of choice that makes the service an ennoblement instead of a slavery: did such a capacity not exist, we should be not servants but machines. And the amount of our knowledge of the will to which we owe obedience is the test of our desert of praise or blame. To some the knowledge seems but a small glimmer, others live in the broader light; but the essence of the matter lies in that choice which is somehow offered to all alike

in greater or less degree, whatever their knowledge or their surroundings. We are raised to the position of conscious and responsible moral agents, with all that this entails; *we* are to choose whether it is "to be or not to be:" we are not compelled. And there is a peculiarity in the terms of this great contract which affords an answer to the difficulties, real and tremendous, of that question so much to the fore now-a-days of heredity and environment. Just because of the existence of evil, just because of the necessity of temptation to test the will, just because the circumstances of life make it a battle and a fight, the great Master has not left us helpless, unarmed, at the mercy of the surrounding forces. There is ever emanating forth towards us, falling on us like the refreshing dews after scorching heat, pulsating round us in unseen waves of communication, the mighty promise and reality which theology calls Grace. There is the promise which relieves us from a burden of unsympathetic loneliness: a solution of how the forces, by which our unaided volition would else be defeated, *may* be overcome: "My Grace is sufficient for thee." There is no cruel wish to tempt us to the breaking-point, for we have in our contract the assurance that no man shall be tried above what he can bear. Here is the antidote to inevitable environment; here the rung on the ladder by which we conquer heredity, and in our turn leave heredity raised and purified when we are gone. "Grace," says the materialist, "is an intangible unreality, undemonstrable, idealistic." True, we cannot put it in a test-tube or show it by laboratory experiment, nor can we as to many other great realities in life: but an ounce of observation and experience is sometimes worth many tons of demonstration as proof. That is the answer of the Christian Creed to the terrible difficulties of the struggle of life. What the unaided will cannot do, it can effect by its correspondence with this great strength. We need have no conceit over our possession of free-will, which alone could not achieve the victory; our success is truly not alone our own achievement; but yet our co-operation was a necessity so that we might keep the dignity of moral responsibility and not be mere creatures of necessity.

We come back to Aristotle's idea of responsibility, crowned with the revelation of the greater truth he did not know. We cannot comfort ourselves with "*Kismet*," that we are not to blame, that we cannot help, if we are just and honest with our own selves. That initial act governed by our choice

in years gone by, that time before habit had clutched us, that "occasion of sin;" not only is our habit referable to that, but there comes back to memory a pleading, a voice, a help if only we had taken it, and deliberately we said "No." What do we mean when we speak of "our better moments"? Surely that the most degraded do occasionally see the right, get the offer, have an opportunity. If you go into the vilest slums, where truly environment and heredity seem to make responsibility a dead word, if you gain the real confidence of a death-bed, there is your experience, there turns up the truth in the sadness even there of the story of what "might have been." "What might have been" by Free-will and Grace; "what was" by will that refused. Years of vice, and drink, and sensuality have not blotted out that one clear view of the moment of the turning-point; *there* was the responsibility. The wretched "*Kismet*" is no use there, nor is comfort sought from the assurance that all has been the mere outcome of evolution. The only solace is the promise that a real *mea culpa* will never be unheard. And each of us, when we go through that great reality for ourselves, when we are stripped of our environment, and stand lonely before absolute Justice, surely will know then, if we have not learnt it before, that "I could not help it" is untrue. Yet better far to go thither with even a late penitence that acknowledges responsibility, than to die in the persuasion of there being the grand reward of nothingness as the outcome of an aimless irresponsibility.

"RENATO."

The Church of Picpus.

IN a retired part of Paris, out of the way of the crowds and heavy traffic, stands a small church dedicated to "Our Lady of Peace," full of interest to the lover of historical landmarks, although little known to the English or American tourist.

When the French Revolution was at its height, whilst the Terror and the guillotine ruled the land, three ladies of rank were apprehended and imprisoned in their magnificent hôtel, situated midway between the Church of St. Roch and the gardens of the Tuilleries. They were: the aged Maréchale de Mouchy, her daughter the Duchesse d'Ayen, and her granddaughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, who, having placed her three little children in safety, remained to share the fate of her heroic mother and well-nigh helpless grandmother.

In those days a special grace, strength from above, seems to have been given to the women of France, for all, Queen and subjects alike, faced death courageously. Women who had been reared in luxury; others, the even tenor of whose laborious lives nothing had as yet disturbed; gentle nuns, who for years had not left the seclusion of their cloister, all walked to the guillotine with the firm tread of the early martyrs. Many prayed aloud or sang hymns on the way. One woman alone flinched at the sight of the fatal knife, one only struggled with the executioners, weak in her death as she had been all through life. It was la Dubarry, the unhappy mistress of Louis XV. In all the annals of the great French Revolution, hers was the only record of a woman who had faltered at the sight of death, but as she had never wittingly done harm to any one except herself, let us hope that the agony of her last days will have atoned for much.

In the quiet and seclusion of their home the three imprisoned ladies, shaking off all earthly cares, leaving their temporal concerns and the dear ones who were to survive them, to the merciful Providence of God, began to prepare for the end.

Amongst the few friends allowed to visit them at the Hôtel de Noailles, was an aged Abbé who, under a disguise, continued to exercise the sacred functions of his ministry. Coming from the outside world he brought the illustrious prisoners daily news of the strange and awful happenings of the Reign of Terror. The hand of the executioner was ever busy, cutting short the most august and precious lives. Feeling there was little likelihood that they themselves would be spared, they began to speak of their execution as if it were a foregone conclusion, and begged of their old friend that if he were still at large at the time he would mingle in the crowd and give them a last and solemn absolution. With tears in his eyes and a most heavy heart the priest promised. And when the day came he did not forget. It is from his pen that we have the details of the last sad journey from the Prison de la Force, where the ladies were eventually incarcerated, to the Barrière du Trône, the scene of the final act of the tragedy.

Every day, after their condemnation, the Abbé would wait at the prison door, disguised in carmagnole and red cap, scanning the faces of the victims as they passed, fearing to recognize amongst them those whom he was awaiting, and for whose respite he was beginning to hope. Day after day he kept his anxious watch, and then, one afternoon, suddenly, with a sinking heart, he recognized the dear faces he had been looking for, and he knew the last sad day had come. The aged Maréchale was seated, and her arms were free, not tied behind her as were those of the other women, for she was very helpless and somewhat childish. In her hands she held and played with the fatal Acts of their conviction. Behind her stood her daughter, calm, composed, austere-looking as was her wont. Beside them, clothed in white, was the Vicomtesse de Noailles, their mainstay at the last, as she had been all through that time of bitter trial. Her angelic face was raised, she was looking at the crowd, seeking amidst it the priestly hand uplifted in solemn benediction.

Suddenly a terrific storm burst forth, rain came down in torrents, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed in sheets of blinding brilliancy. The crowd, which had been dense, rapidly dispersed, and Monsieur l'Abbé was left alone, face to face with the heroic women. The Duchesse and her daughter saw him simultaneously, and a radiant look overspread the younger lady's face. Bending towards her grandmother she whispered

something in her ear, and surely, at that supreme moment the poor bewildered brain must have cleared, for, after looking for one moment straight towards the priest, she bent her venerable head in reverent expectation ; the others did the same and, in a lull of the storm, the solemn absolution, the last supreme comfort of their faith, was given to the three doomed women.

Deeply absorbed in prayer, the saintly priest followed the cart until it stopped at the foot of the guillotine. . . . He saw the Vicomtesse de Noailles, with a heavenly look on her face, guide her grandmother's faltering footsteps up the fatal ladder. Then, overcome by pity and horror, he could look on no longer, and so it was that no friendly eye was witness to the last great act, the surrendering of their souls to God.

A few years later, when Napoleon had restored some kind of order to France, a younger daughter of the Duchesse d'Ayen returned to Paris and, in her great grief, sought to trace out and follow the footsteps of the loved ones from the prison to the grave.

The Abbé still lived : he had carried on his holy ministrations all through the Revolution. With his help she followed the beloved ones as far as the guillotine, but, after that, none knew where the mangled bodies had been taken, no one could tell where the precious relics had found their last, long resting-place.

Day after day she came to the Barrière du Trône and spent long hours on the spot, living over the incidents of that heart-breaking tragedy, praying for enlightenment to enable her to follow her dear ones yet further. Then she would wander about searching and questioning. But everything was changed since the Revolution ; those who knew were wary of giving information, but most of those to whom she spoke knew nothing.

At last she heard of a sempstress who had lived close to the Barrière du Trône all through the Terror ; the poor soul had suffered much it was said. She was not rich, and was always glad of work to do. So the Marquise de Montaigu went to see her, and after a few minutes' conversation, the great lady and the work-woman became fast and life-long friends. The poor girl had stood at the foot of the guillotine and had seen her father die, she had afterwards accompanied the tumbril and its ghastly load to the field where they buried the dead. In her distress and agony of mind she had followed more than one cart with its piteous burden ; in every case their destination was the same

a quiet and secluded spot which had once been part of the grounds of an old convent. So the two bereaved women made their way together to the lonely field. A huge mound arose in the centre, but there was no other mark of the sacredness of the place; not the smallest indication of that which lay beneath the flowering grass on which they knelt and prayed.

To make of this desolate spot the holy place that it should be became then the object of their lives. They discovered the names of most of the victims who had perished at the *Barrière du Trône*—1,300 of them—of every age, condition, and rank. A great subscription was set on foot; the whole site of the convent was secured; the church restored. Two vast slabs of marble bearing the 1,300 names were placed one on each side of the high altar, and in the convent saintly nuns came to dwell, whose holy mission it was to pray for the souls of the martyred dead. Prostrate before the altar, the folds of their deep red cloaks contrasting vividly with the white marble of the pavement, two of their number remain ever in devout contemplation before the Blessed Sacrament. The colour of these mantles is emblematic of the blood of the victims crying aloud to Heaven for vengeance. But the vengeance for which they pray is not the vengeance of the world. It is that of the Son of God Himself: the revenge which found expression in the words: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

From a recess behind the high altar looks down a statue of our Lady, which time has darkened until the wood looks like ebony. This image has been for centuries an object of the deepest veneration, and many are the records of graces conferred and spiritual light vouchsafed to those who, in humility and faith, come to pray at the holy Mother's feet.

And the field, the sacred field, was enclosed; little else was done. It seemed most fitting to leave it as it was; only in the centre a plain stone cross was erected, while all around, under the shadow of the encircling wall, are the monuments of such of the relations of the victims as wished to rest near to those whom they had loved or whose heroic memory they had held in such deep veneration here below.

M. E. FERGUSON.

The Nature of Inspiration.

DURING the past month the Dean of Westminster, himself an authority on Biblical criticism, has been giving weekly lectures in the Abbey on "the Inspiration of the Bible;" and an enterprising newspaper¹ has used the occasion to elicit opinions on the same subject from some of the leading Anglican and Nonconformist clergy. What makes the subject so widely and intensely interesting at the present time is, one does not need to say, that now-a-days one has to take into account, in the interpretation of the sacred text, the conflict of so many of its statements with scientific and historical results the certainty of which modern investigation seems to have established with invincible force. Not that the new light thence derived has tended in any way to divest the Bible of its unique position of superiority over all other books purporting to be sacred records. On the contrary, the more it is studied in comparison with other ancient monuments, the more it is recognized as surpassing them in the purity and sublimity of its spiritual and moral teaching, as likewise in the propriety and ethical beauty of its language and conceptions—and as surpassing them to such a degree that this one consideration alone tends to make us feel that "the finger of God is here." Again, the substantial truth of the narrative has received striking confirmation at many points from the consentient testimony of the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian monuments. Where the opposition appears is chiefly in matters of detail, and mostly in matters of detail which have no essential connection with the main succession of facts on which the scheme of our salvation is based. Still these cases are sufficiently numerous, and besides are continually multiplying, whilst it is also increasingly felt that the easy methods of reconciling discrepancies which satisfied former generations are artificial and useless. Hence the questions which Dean Armitage Robinson sets himself to consider:

¹ See the *Daily Chronicle* for December 6th, 7th, &c.

"If the Bible is inspired by the Divine Spirit, how can it record what did not actually take place? If an element of human misconception and mistake is to be recognized in the Bible, how can we regard it any longer as an inspired book, or use it as an infallible guide?"

They are questions arising in the minds of those who have been taught in their youth, as till lately most Englishmen have been taught, that the Bible having God for its author is true in all its parts. Many of these have now given up their faith in the Bible just because they cannot get an answer to the difficulty able to give them satisfaction; and others are passing through the agonies of a mental conflict, and anxiously looking out for any such words of counsel and instruction as the Dean is prepared to give them. His own answer is on the lines which have been generally followed by the more orthodox of the Anglican clergy, of those among them, that is to say, who are aware of the difficulties of the subject, but desire to retain belief in the reality of Inspiration.

It has always been the Divine method to select certain men and to enter into peculiar intimacy with them, to reach their spirits by the direct operation of the Divine Spirit, to purify their hearts, to quicken their perceptive faculties, and to entrust them with a special knowledge of the Divine will and purpose, in order that they may be the teachers of their fellow-men. That is the primary meaning of Inspiration. . . . The message was not written by the Divine hand, nor dictated by an outward compulsion. It was planted in the hearts of men, and made to grow in fruitful soil. Then those men were required to express it in their own language, after their own methods, in accordance with the stage of knowledge that their time had reached. Their human faculties were purified and quickened by the Divine Spirit, but they spoke to their time in the language of their time; they spoke a spiritual message accommodated to the experience of their age—a message of faith in God and of righteousness as demanded by a righteous God.

These words are taken from the *Daily Chronicle's* report of the Dean's lecture on December 3rd. The following Saturday he developed the idea by an interesting endeavour to get this meaning out of a study of the text of the Old Testament, by applying to it the principles of literary and historical investigation. Thence he gathered that

This (Old Testament) literature appeared with stories of the remote past—stories not essentially differing from Babylonian folk-lore, but

purified and elevated by that Divine inspiration which fitted the Hebrew people for their appointed task. . . . They could see how the Divine Spirit spoke to man through a human medium. . . . They could see how with a growing knowledge of God, the Hebrews, in telling the old national tales to their children, were led gradually to introduce everywhere true thoughts of God and of the Providence of God. They found in this a sign of the Divine inspiration working in the people as a whole from very early times, and then at last inspiring prophetic writers to combine these stories and to preserve them in books for generations to come.

By the time this article is in the hands of the readers, the Dean will have had two more opportunities of developing his thought, and we shall then know, perhaps, the extent to which he claims for Inspiration that it secures the truth of the Bible narrative. Meanwhile we may summarize his theory thus: Inspiration, he would say, did not directly affect the books written but their authors. The latter were enlightened by it, and thereby received, in addition perhaps to some occasional downright revelations, a power of spiritual intuition which, whilst leaving them just as they were in regard to their knowledge of nature and history, enabled them to discern more clearly than their fellows—and with increasing clearness as the centuries hastened on towards the “fulness of time”—the great fundamental truths concerning the nature of God, of man's relation to Him, and of his final destiny, as well as of the providential guidance of events through which he was being gradually raised to a higher grade of morality and spirituality, and so prepared for the advent of his Redeemer, and the loftier ideals of the New Covenant. And these writers being thus “inspired” delivered their message in writings which on the spiritual side reflected the degree of enlightenment accorded to them, but in other respects reflected only the ideas and beliefs, largely erroneous, which characterized the mental horizon of their own age and country.

There is nothing irreverent in this theory of Inspiration, and we can readily conceive how God might have chosen to equip the sacred writers for their task by a gift confined within these limits. Indeed it is just this kind of inspiration which our theologians have always ascribed to those prophets of the Old Testament whose function it was to deliver their message orally; nor should we, perhaps, though there are passages in the Bible hard to reconcile with such a view, have seen the necessity

of claiming anything further for the inspired writers had we been left free to gather the nature of their inspiration exclusively from a study of the text of Holy Scripture. It is not wonderful then that the more orthodox class of Protestant leaders in this country should have adopted the theory, appearing as it does to guard for them all they hold to be vital in the Bible, whilst relieving them at one stroke from the pressure of so great a mass of historical and exegetical difficulties. Nor, again, is it wonderful, that until a decade ago some devout Catholic scholars should have been led by the same causes to look in the same direction, though without going quite so far in it—making, that is to say, the same distinction between matters in the Bible appertaining to faith and morals and matters in themselves indifferent from that point of view, and contending for the recognition of a mode of inspiration which, whilst impelling the sacred authors to write a definite text, assured them an absolute immunity from error in regard to the former class of matters only.

The problem, however, is not so easy for those who desire to believe as orthodox Catholics. The claim of the Catholic Church is that she is built upon a body of revealed doctrine, which, first proclaimed by Jesus Christ and His Apostles, has been transmitted through the ages partly "by written books," partly "by unwritten traditions;" and that these unwritten traditions (to confine our attention for the moment to them) have been preserved from corruption in their essential contents by a special providence of the Holy Spirit and under the authority of the Catholic Church—whose office it is to watch over the transmission of her doctrines, and at times when the occasions seem to demand it, to make solemn pronouncements defining their true nature. It follows that in regard to such a doctrine as Inspiration we need to consider, not merely what can be gathered from an exclusive study of the sacred text, but also what has come down to us through the organ of Catholic tradition, especially when this is certified by the definitions of the Holy See or the General Councils. Now the Vatican Council has authoritatively defined the sense in which the books of the Bible are inspired. They are inspired, it says, "because being written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost they have God for their author." God is to them, in other words, what the writer

of a book is to the book, the human writer being but an instrument of the Divine, even as a pen is the instrument of him who holds it in his hand; and hence the corollary—indicated indeed only indirectly in the Vatican Decree, but clearly following from the nature of things—that there can be no errors in the Bible. For were there errors in it, God would be responsible for them with an author's responsibility, and this is a consideration equally applicable to errors in faith and morals and to errors in science and history. It is true that some have thought this inference disputable on the ground that the word "author," in the Vatican definition, need not perhaps be taken in the strict sense of "writer." But this is an interpretation which Leo XIII. resolutely excludes in his *Providentissimus Deus*, published in 1893.

All the books [he says] which the Church receives as sacred and canonical were written wholly and entirely, with all their parts, at the dictation of the Holy Ghost; and so far is it from being possible that any error can co-exist with inspiration, that inspiration not only is essentially incompatible with error, but excludes and rejects it as necessarily as it is impossible that God, the Supreme Truth, can be the author of any error whatever. . . . Wherefore, it makes no difference at all that the Holy Spirit employed men as His instruments in writing, nor can it on this account be said that an error or so may have fallen from the inspired writers, though not from the primary author. For by supernatural power He Himself stimulated and moved them to write, and stood by them whilst they were writing, so as to see that they rightly conceived in their minds, faithfully willed to write down, and suitably expressed with infallible truth the things which He directed and those only; since otherwise He would not have been the author of all that is in the Holy Scriptures.

Nor must it be forgotten, as Leo XIII. goes on to point out, that this doctrine of Inspiration is no modern invention, but is found everywhere in the writings of the Fathers, as, for instance, of St. Gregory I. and St. Augustine, the latter of whom says, in his *De Consensu Evangelii*, "Since (the inspired writers) only wrote what He showed them and declared to them, on no account must it be said that He did not Himself write;" and, in a letter to St. Jerome, adds: "I confess that I have learnt to hold the books of Holy Scripture which are called Canonical, and those only, in such honour, that I most firmly believe that no one of their authors has ever fallen into error when writing; and (that) if I come across anything in these books which seems opposed

to the truth, I am confident that this is either because the manuscript is defective, or the translator has not caught the meaning, or that I do not understand."

To the testimony of the Fathers might also be added that of the theologians who succeeded them as the Church's representative teachers. For all speak with one voice on these two points, that the relation of the Holy Spirit to the sacred writings is that of an author or writer, and that this being so, no error, whether in regard to faith or morals, or in regard to other matters, could find entrance into their writings without compromising the Divine veracity. We may judge, then, if it is conceivable that the Church will ever recede from this doctrine which she has taught so consistently from the beginning onwards, speaking to us through the consentient voices of representatives whom she must have corrected had they taught amiss, and finally sanctioning this traditional teaching by solemn Conciliar definitions. And if this is the case, how hopeless the position of any Catholic student who should still adhere to a system of mitigated inspiration! He might, it is true, pass untouched for a time, and perhaps altogether, if his influence failed to extend beyond a narrow circle. But, sooner or later, if his opinion became widely known and gained adherents, the time would inevitably come when he would have to choose between abandoning his opinion or breaking with the Church.

But if it is hopeless to expect that the Holy See will ever sanction a theory of inspiration at variance with a doctrine she has invariably taught, it is quite another question whether her invariable doctrine may not be susceptible of a further development¹ than it has hitherto received, and yet one perfectly legitimate in itself, and at the same time well adapted to help us through the present crisis. And it is just this other question which has been much discussed during the last few years by Catholic Biblical students, and seems to be growing in favour with them. Among those who have advocated so far the theory we are referring to, must be mentioned, in the first place, Père Lagrange, O.P.,² and Dr. Schanz³ in Germany, who perhaps have

¹ Or as the theologians would say, *explicatio*. Revealed doctrines cannot grow so as to change in themselves, but they can and do in our minds, in so far as we advance in the realization of what they involve and imply.

² In his articles in the *Revue Biblique*, now republished under the title of *La Methode Historique* (1903).

³ In his *Apologie des Christentums*. See also *Theol.-Quartalschrift*, Tub. 1895.

the best titles to be regarded as its authors, Dr. Bonaccorsi in Italy, the Jesuit Fathers Prat¹ and Durand² in France, not to speak of some well-known names in this country. Father F. von Hummelauer, S.J., so well known for his contributions to the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ*, is perhaps the most recent convert to the theory, and we may use this opportunity to call the attention of English students to his *Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage*,³ which came out this last summer in Germany, where it has already attracted a good deal of attention. It is perhaps the treatise which of those as yet published goes most thoroughly into the subject, and discusses it in the most scientific theological style.

We desire to say a few words about this new theory, but two preliminary remarks may be of use in obtaining for it a favourable consideration. One is that, as has been said, the difficulties of establishing an absolute agreement between the inspired writings and external history of a trustworthy kind, and even between the different parts of the inspired writings themselves, is very real and affects so many points that, unless we can discover some new line of solution, there seems no course left to us save to take refuge in St. Augustine's *ego non intelligo*. It is true that there is a section of theologians amongst us who make very little indeed of all these difficulties, are perfectly content with the artificial replies to them that do duty in so many text-books, and can see no other reason for the propounding of new theories of solution such as that we are discussing, save that their authors are men of perverse mind and lovers of the novel and *bizarre* for its own sake. But this is perhaps because the critics in question move in too restricted a circle of ideas and have an insufficient knowledge of the facts. There are of course people in the world, and in the Church too, who love novelty for novelty's sake, and like to propound an *outrée* theory just because it will provoke others. But it would be an undeserved calumny to lay such a charge against writers like those who have been referred to above, and the more numerous silent ones who think with them. Rather they feel constrained thus to strike out new paths because they are lovers of truth and lovers of the Church, and because it is just

¹ In his *Questioni Bibliche* (1904).

² See the *Études Religieuses*, iv. (1902). See the *Revue du clergé français*, xxxiii. (1902).

³ Herder, 1904. See also his article in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, ix. (1903).

they who have given themselves seriously to the study of exegetics, and have been at the pains to think out carefully the bearing on their subject of all that modern research and modern reflection has brought to light.

The other preliminary remark we have to make before passing to consider the newest Catholic theory concerning inspiration, is that it will be quite on the analogy of what has happened in the past in regard to this very doctrine of inspiration, if it should prove susceptible of a further and most fruitful development. The root-idea in the Catholic doctrine of Inspiration is that God is the author of the inspired volume and that He is so inasmuch as it is He who has impelled the human writers to set down precisely those facts and ideas, in precisely that order and succession, which make the book to be what it is. But it is possible to conceive differently of this Divine action on the human writer. It may be conceived of as if the inspiring voice came to him from without, dictating to him sentence after sentence just as a human author might dictate to his secretary; or it may be conceived of as an internal action of the Divine author on the mind and will of the instrument, causing him first to conceive and then to write down that and only that which the Divine author intended to be in His book—in which case it would not be necessary that the human writer should be conscious of the influence he was under; so that he might suppose himself to be writing of his own initiative just like any other human writer.¹ The former is the older conception, as we gather from the literature of former times, the latter is that which later on was preferred by Catholic theologians. It is thus a development, and one which, whilst perfectly faithful to the root-idea, makes it vastly more easy to account for the idiosyncrasies of style in the inspired writers. Then there was the realization which came later, that inspiration does not necessarily involve revelation: in other words, that the Divine impulse need not be an impulse to write down only such matters as were then and there revealed to writers previously unaware of them, or at least inadvertent to them; but that it could be an impulse to write down matter with a great deal of which they were already well acquainted, or even such as they had been previously preparing and considering, after

¹ Of course it cannot be known as an inspired book unless the fact be formally revealed by God either to the writer or to others, as, for instance, the Apostles.

the self-same manner as any other author would prepare his materials, and with the express object of elaborating such and such a book out of them. This is another development which would at one time have probably seemed intolerable, yet is now generally accepted and even formally sanctioned in the *Providentissimus Deus*. And it is one which removes at a single stroke a whole mass of difficulties from the path of the Biblical student, by affording an easy explanation of the close resemblance in style and texture between the books of the Bible and purely human writings of similar subject-matter. If then the concept of inspiration as understood in the Catholic Church has been able, without any sacrifice of its original constituents, to admit of these two fertile developments, is it not possible that it may admit of yet another development, namely, that to the consideration of which we must now pass?

Before we can judge whether a writer's statement is true or not, we must first know precisely what it is he means to affirm. For instance, when Nathan told David¹ that a certain rich man, the possessor of many flocks, had robbed a certain poor man of his one ewe lamb, we do not call the prophet's statement untrue, even though, as is probable, there had been no such robbery of a ewe lamb. And why? Because Nathan meant his tale to be taken as an allegory, and was referring only to David's treatment of Urias. And the same is to be said of the many parables in the Gospels and elsewhere. Again, we do not accuse the writer of 1 Machabees of error because it is not true that the Spartans, like the Jews, were "of the stock of Abraham."² For all that the writer meant was to affirm that this statement was made in a letter written by a Spartan King named Arius. These are easy cases: the following is more difficult. In Josue³ we have recorded a long speech made by Josue to "all the people," and "the people's" reply. The latter, which like the former, is given in *oratio recta*, runs into about a hundred words, and is introduced by the words, "and the people answered and said, 'God forbid,' &c." Now, unless we suppose—which the Biblical account in no way suggests—that the people did not make this speech spontaneously, but only after a previous rehearsal of words composed for them by Josue or some one else, we cannot but feel that it is psycho-

¹ 2 Kings xii. 1—6.

² 1 Machabees xii. 21.

³ Chap. xxiv. verses 16—18.

logically impossible that they could have made it at all in so long and set a form. But what then? When we meet with similar speeches in some profane volume, when for instance we find in the *Agricola* of Tacitus a long speech, quite in this author's own compressed and epigrammatic style, put into the mouth of the Caledonian chieftain Galgacus, we experience no difficulty, and do not accuse the author of saying what was untrue, although we know perfectly well that he could not possibly have known with any such detail what the wild chieftain uttered in his unknown tongue. In this instance, indeed, the speech is introduced with the clause "*in hunc modum locutus fertur*," but that was not necessary, for similar speeches without any such explanatory clause—in cases when we are quite sure the writers could not have known what speeches were actually delivered or perhaps even whether any speeches were delivered—are frequently met with in ancient historians like Tacitus, Livy, or Thucydides. Just as it is an artistic convention to represent angels with wings to indicate their freedom from our earthly conditions of movement, so it was a convention of ancient historical writing to embody in artistically worded speeches the thoughts and ideas which seemed to the historian appropriate to the occasion from the point of view of the person to whom the speech was ascribed. It was a perfectly legitimate device, for it imparted vividness to the narrative, and deceived no one who read with intelligence. May we not then explain in a similar way the speech attributed to "the people" in Josue, chap. xxiv., and conclude that there is here no error on the part of the sacred writer, simply because he merely meant us to understand that this was the spirit in which the people received the address of their leader, and gave utterance to the few brief exclamations which were all that actually came from their lips?

These few instances belong to the category of historical statements, and it is with historical statements we have chiefly to do. But it may be well at this point to digress for a moment to consider the parallel question of Biblical statements on matters in which physical science is implicated. In 1616, and again in 1633, Galileo was condemned for asserting that the earth moved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth. It was a misjudgment; though, as it emanated not from the Pope but from the Congregation of the Inquisition, the doctrine of Papal Infallibility was in no sense compromised by it. Still

we may see what was in the minds of theologians of the day from a letter of Cardinal Bellarmine's to Antonio Foscari, which Father von Hummelauer quotes in this connection :¹

Secondly, I say that, as you are aware, the Council [of Trent] forbids us to interpret Scripture in a sense contrary to the unanimous consent of the Fathers. Now, if your Reverence will read not merely the holy Fathers, but also the most recent commentators on Genesis, the Psalms, the Son of Sirach, and Josue, you will find that they all interpret it as true in the literal sense that the sun is in the heavens and revolves with great velocity round the earth, whilst the earth, far beneath the heavens, stands fast in the centre of cosmic motion. Judge then with the intelligence that belongs to you, whether the Church can permit of an interpretation of Holy Scripture so contrary to that of the Fathers and of all the Greek and Latin commentators. For it cannot be objected that this is no question of a truth of faith. It may not be a truth of faith *ex parte objecti*, but it is *ex parte dicentis*. It would be just as heretical to deny that Abraham had two and Jacob twelve sons, as it would be to deny that Christ was born of a Virgin, for in one case as much as in the other it is the Holy Ghost who speaks through the mouth of the Prophets and Apostles.

And yet it is now universally acknowledged not only that Galileo was right about the heliocentric system, but that the language of the Bible does not conflict with it, even when interpreted according to the strictest hermeneutical and theological principles. Bellarmine's reasoning, sound in all other respects, was defective in just one. He failed to see that, inasmuch as inspiration is not intended to teach us "things that are not profitable unto salvation,"² the sacred writers are wont to speak of natural objects and natural processes in that popular language which describes them, not according to their inner reality, but according to their outward appearances. It is not wonderful that he, in common with his contemporaries, should have failed to see this, for it was a distinction or development in the general concept of inspiration which had not then come into view, indeed was to be brought into view mainly by the working out of the crisis which he himself was then unwittingly taking a part in precipitating. But the point has come to be thoroughly understood now, and Father von Hummelauer very justly claims the Encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* as having closed this chapter of development by setting the seal of

¹ Dated April 2, 1615. See Berti's *Copernico a le vicende del sistema Copernicano in Italia*, Rome, 1876; and *Exegetisches zur Inspirationsfrage*, p. 21.

² St. Augustine, *De Gen. ad Lit.* ii. 9, 20.

authority on its achievement. For "we must remember," it says, "that (1) the sacred writers, or to speak more precisely, the Spirit of God who spoke through them, did not intend to teach men these things (namely, those concerning the interior constitution of the visible universe) as being of no profit for salvation, and that in consequence these writers (2) instead of penetrating into the secrets of nature, describe and treat of such things either in figurative language or in such terms as both then were and still are customary in daily life, even among the men of science themselves." We have marked these two clauses by numerals because they prescribe two canons of interpretation, to which the Encyclical also adds a third that necessarily follows: namely, that (3) when the Fathers and later commentators dealt, according to the ideas of their time, with passages where these physical matters are referred to, they may not always have avoided error, and so do not need to be followed by us in their interpretations.

Leo XIII. has some further words devoted to a fuller exposition of these same principles, and a final sentence enjoining that, if the assailants of Scripture argue from philosophical as well as scientific assumptions, they are to be handed over to the philosophers for refutation. He then begins a new paragraph with the words: "And these same (principles) are to be applied (*juvabit transferri*) to the cognate branches of study, particularly to history," after which he goes on to describe the attacks on Scripture in the name of history. It would seem, therefore, self-evident that by "these (principles)" are meant the three canons which have been marked with numerals, and that we are to understand that they have not indeed an identical but a proportionate application to certain of the historical statements in the Bible. As, however, the Pope does not himself make the application, we may perhaps help ourselves to understand more fully in what it was to consist, by turning to the treatise of a Biblical scholar of note who, at the time when the Encyclical appeared, had for some years been Professor of Exegetics at the Gregorian University. We refer to Father Cornely, who in his *Introduction to Holy Scripture*,¹ lays down exactly the same two canons as we have marked 1 and 2, declaring them to be applicable, in the first place, to the interpretation of Biblical statements on history, and then to that of Biblical statements on matters of physical science. His words are as follows:

¹ Vol. i. p. 583.

(1) We should be very careful not to find in the sacred books what they were not intended to teach. For they were not given us that we might learn from them our history and chronology, but that they might be to us the means of salvation. What St. Augustine says to us about physical matters is equally true of historical matters, namely, that the Holy Spirit who spoke through the sacred writers did not wish to teach us things of no profit for our salvation. . . . Not unfrequently have commentators gone wrong—as indeed they still do—by forgetting the end and nature of the Holy Scriptures, and dealing with them as though they had been given to us as a divine compendium of chronology and history, sacred and profane. Surely if God had wished in these books to teach us chronology and history, He would have watched with a special providence over them to see that the numbers of the years and the names of persons, races, and countries, and such-like things, which in history are of some consequence, should be preserved to us free from corruption. . . . (2) The interpreter must also attend to the mode in which historical facts are recorded by the sacred writers. For, as St. Jerome says, “it is the custom in Holy Scripture for its historical writers to narrate many things as they were generally believed to be at that time,” and again, “many things are said in Holy Scripture according to the opinion of the time when they are declared to have happened, and not according to the truths of facts.” Most important is this remark of the holy Doctor, in which he admonishes us not to press the words of Scripture into conformity with the present state of the sciences, but to expound them in accordance with the mind and intention of the writers. How many difficulties would never have arisen if interpreters had always kept this direction of St. Jerome’s before their eyes!

And after laying down these canons Father Cornely begins another section by saying, “*Mutatis mutandis*, what we have just been saying about matters of history must be said also about matters of physical science.”

Fortified by these canons of interpretation and the sanction so authoritatively accorded to them, we may now resume our examination of the new theory of inspiration. It starts, as we have seen, from the indisputable position that, though the Catholic doctrine of inspiration does not permit us to see even the smallest error in the inspired writings, it does not follow that their every statement is in exact conformity with the facts referred to as they are, or were, *in themselves*. We must consider whether the writers (and, correspondingly, the Holy Ghost who spoke through the writers) intended their words to have this reference, and not rather one less absolute or less

immediately objective, since it is by their conformity with this proximate measure that the truth of their affirmations is constituted. Or to express the same idea in a more convenient form, we must take account, when we wish to estimate the truth of a sacred writer's affirmations, what is the class of literary expression—citation, parable, allegory, literary convention, compilation, free narration, literary fiction, objective history, &c., which he is employing. We have already applied this *criterion* to a case or two in which the application is easy, we have now to consider a case which is vastly more important, but in which the application is proportionately more difficult: namely, the case of the historical books of the Old Testament.

Sometimes an Old Testament historian (for we may confine ourselves to the Old Testament writers) was a first-hand witness of the events he afterwards recorded, and to that extent it was the easy as well as the obvious course for him to record them just as they happened. But much more often he had to rely on the accounts furnished by others, and these were often documents of a former age, more or less removed from his own; or even oral traditions preserved by constant repetition and thus transmitted to his time from a remote age in the past. It would introduce unnecessary complications if, while engaged merely in estimating the theological bearings of a new theory of inspiration, we were to allow ourselves to get entangled in the various controversies as to the authorship and structure of the historical books of the Old Testament. It will be sufficient if we assume, as at all events sufficiently correct for the purpose of the present argument, the traditional opinion that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, Josue the book ascribed to him, Samuel the Book of Judges, Samuel, Gad, and Nathan the 1st and 2nd Books of Kings, Jeremias the 3rd and 4th Books of Kings, and Esdras the Books of Paralipomena. Some of these writers tell us of the documents they were drawing from. Thus the author of Paralipomena (who, if we include his genealogical tables, goes back to the Creation) tells us he drew from "the Book of the Kings of Juda and Israel," and again from "the Words of Nathan the prophet," and "the Books of Ahias the Silonite," and "the Vision of Addo the Seer," &c.; the author of 1st and 2nd Kings refers to the "Book of the words of the days of the Kings of Israel," and "the Book of the words of the Kings of Juda." And the writer of 2 Machabees even tells us that his book is an abridgment of the five books of his relative Jason.

The author of Judges mentions no sources by name, but he must have had them, partly written, partly perhaps oral, for a period which covered over three hundred years. Similarly the author, or redactor, of Genesis, though he names none (unless his Toledoth be such), must have had both written and oral sources for his account of a vastly longer period, covering, as we must now hold, several milleniums.

Now it is not supposed by any one that all these underlying sources of our present sacred books were similarly inspired texts, written or oral. We may ask then how far they were themselves free from error, and we have, even on historic grounds only, solid reasons for believing that they are as regards the substance of their narrative, not, however, as regards all their details. This is because on the one hand it is incredible that purely human writers should keep free from all errors, and on the other because the citations of which specimens have been given go to show that there was a succession of contemporary writers, probably of the school of prophets, from Samuel's time onwards, and that it was from them that these sources came. Of course this argument applies less clearly to the troubled times of the Judges, and less still to the long period covered by the Book of Genesis, and especially as regards the latter book we must allow more for the known tendency of young races, on the one hand to hold tenaciously to the main thread of the story of their origins, and on the other, by a spontaneous exercise of imagination, to embroider it with additions, which are usually poetical and beautiful, but are sometimes superstitious or ridiculous.

Let us reflect then on the position of a sacred writer about to undertake his inspired task of writing an historical book of the Old Testament. He has these primary materials before him from which to draw, but how is he to use them? Had he the ideas, the education, and the opportunities of an historian of the present day, we know how he would proceed. His aim would be to arrive at as much purely objective historical truth as his circumstances allowed of, and to set this before his readers as such, with the guarantee of his own verdict on the case—taking care at the same time to label what he considered doubtful as doubtful, and what he considered untrue as untrue. In his endeavour to attain this end, he would in the first place gather together what additional material he could, in the shape of manuscripts, other contemporary works, traditions, topo-

graphical *data*, &c., not hesitating to undertake long and frequent journeys in order to procure it. Next he would set to work to check his primary sources by comparison with themselves with these others, and with his general knowledge of human motives and human action, resorting for the purpose to that scientific system of rules and canons which modern study and experience has elaborated for his use. It would be long and anxious labour, but he realizes that only under such conditions is it possible, except in peculiar favourable instances, to arrive at a mental certitude which will enable him to guarantee the real objective truth of what he is to write. But being what he was—this writer, let us say, of Paralipomena or of Genesis—he would have proceeded in a very different way. His materials being so limited, and his knowledge of historical method so insufficient, it is hard to see how he could possibly have arrived at certainty of the objective truth, not merely of the substance of the story—for that he might have done—but of every subordinate item, even the most minute. Nor can we conceive that he would have had the judgment in all cases to discern the truth on these minor matters, even when his materials sufficed to disclose it to a sufficiently trained mind—for we must never forget that he was a child of his own age, with a mind formed according to the *naïve* conceptions and imperfect knowledge peculiar to it. Still he would have had his own crude historical method. He would have counted it his primary duty to record what he found in his sources, but he would not have been content with the *rôle* of a mere transcriber. Some things he might have excluded as likely to be false, condemning them, perhaps, chiefly on some religious ground; other things which we should have excluded he might have included as conformed to current conceptions of probability. Other things again he might have excluded as useless for the purpose he had in hand, which was far more to preserve a narrative adapted to give religious edification than to give a complete chronicle of past events. Then too, when he found more than one narrative covering the same ground, and these in most but not every respect in agreement with one another, he would have sought to fuse them together into one, not solicitous about a few repetitions, or a few contradictions left to lie side by side—and telling their own tale through the badly concealed seams. Also having an artistic and poetic temperament, he would have tried to work up the narrative into an artistic whole, not neglecting to avail himself

at times of such literary conventions as we have instanced above—that and others which belonged to the literary style of his age. Lastly, when all was finished and written down, had he been asked if he were prepared to give a guarantee of his own to the truth of what he had taken over from his sources, independent of that of the authors of the latter, we must suppose that his answer would have been, "Of course not, I give it as from them, but why should you disbelieve what they say?"

In this last paragraph we have been considering the ancient writer as he must have been by nature. The next question is as to how far the influence of inspiration upon him would have corrected the defects incident to his purely natural procedure, and we must remember that the main point is as to the errors which apart from inspiration must have been the unavoidable results of his method. In examining this question we must attend to the exigencies of inspiration *ex parte objecti* and *ex parte dicentis*, to use Bellarmine's convenient terminology in the letter to Foscarini; in other words, its exigencies in regard to the matter which the writer is inspired to set down, and its exigencies as regards the dignity of the Holy Spirit, who through inspiration becomes responsible for the truth of each statement in the book of which he is the author.

Was there then any exigency *ex parte objecti* requiring the Holy Spirit to intervene by preventing these errors into which the writers must have naturally fallen from entering into his book? Here we must again recur to the distinction between what is set down in an inspired volume for its own sake "as of profit to salvation," and what is set down in it for the sake of the rest, that the history may be presented in a vivid and concrete form. It is a distinction which Father von Hummelauer aptly illustrates from a mediæval picture of the Adoration of the Magi, in which the central personalities and facts of the mystery are truthfully represented according to St. Matthew's narrative, but the scenery is most unlike that of Bethlehem, and the dresses are those of Italian peasants and Florentine merchants. And the answer must obviously be "Yes, as regards all matters of religious truth, and as regards those main facts of the history on which the scheme of our salvation was to be built"—understanding, as it seems to us we should, the phrase "main facts" in a large sense. And if it be further asked what forms the corrective influence must have taken, one may conceive that the form

taken would have been partly in guiding the writer's mind towards what was true and away from what was erroneous, partly by revealing what the documents did not contain, but also partly, and perhaps largely, by a previous special providence watching over the formation and preservation of the previous records in their long succession, from the beginning onwards. But when the question at the commencement of this paragraph is repeated in regard to errors of minor details into which the writer left to himself would have been prone to fall, surely the answer must be that *ex parte objecti* there was here no need why inspiration should have intervened to correct, seeing that they are of the class not of themselves of profit to salvation, and hence of the sort in regard to which, as we have seen, the Holy Ghost does not wish to give us any special enlightenment beyond what we can obtain through the use of our natural faculties.

Still, was it needful that inspiration should exclude these errors, each and all of them, even the least, in order that the Holy Spirit might not be compromised by error in the books of which He was the author? This is the crucial point of the entire question, but the principles which have already been explained seem to justify an answer in the negative. It was not necessary that inspiration should exclude this class of errors, because the human author in taking them over from his sources, never really made them his own by attempting to guarantee them with the independent sanction of his own authority. His attitude towards them—and therefore the attitude of the inspiring Spirit—was that of the painter towards the scenery and clothing of his figures. Hence, though they are errors in one sense, in another sense they are not, this other sense being the only one which can affect the requirements of inspiration *ex parte dicentis*. It is customary with the advocates of this new theory of inspiration, to call the taking over of this class of matter by the sacred writer from his sources "citation," and to claim for his use of it *veritas citationis*. No doubt it is a procedure which partakes of the nature of citation, but we should prefer to call it "compilation"—only that a modern compiler—say of the early chronicles of England—is careful to print his texts apart, to keep them distinct from one another, and to place his comments in footnotes or introductions; whilst these ancient compilers did not scruple to fuse separate texts into one, to make alterations and additions, and even to recast

the whole into compositions of a high artistic value. By so doing they necessarily took independent responsibility for all that was affirmed in their alterations and additions, but surely not for what they merely took over and incorporated.

Three objections may seem to tell against this last and most crucial point in the theory, and in answering them we may be able to bring out its true character more clearly. First, it may be said that the sacred writers presumably believed what they took over from their sources. Still it is also presumable that they believed in the geocentric conceptions involved in their physical phraseology, yet according to Leo XIII. in his Encyclical, the Holy Spirit is not on this account to be deemed to have affirmed the truth of geocentrism; and the two cases are parallel. And Father von Hummelauer lays down the principle of solution: "We have nothing to do with the thoughts lying in the background of the inspired writer's mind, but with such of his thoughts as find expression in his words."

Secondly, it may be objected that this theory practically takes from us all certainty as to the facts of sacred history, since it leaves us without any trustworthy means of distinguishing between what does and what does not come within the category of things which it is "profitable to salvation" for us to know. But is this said of the theological, or of the historical tests of certainty? If of the theological, it must be replied that the theory leaves theology just as much latitude as before to pronounce what portions of history are and what are not thus profitable. And if of the historical tests, these are quite unaffected by any theories we may propound about the nature of inspiration. Still, surely our historical tests do enable us to acquire the needed certainty in regard to greater matters, for we can apply to Scripture history the same tests which we apply to the early history of Rome, or Greece, or Babylon; and we know how strikingly the scientific application of these tests, especially that of comparison with Egyptian and Babylonian finds has tended to confirm the general accuracy of the Bible narrative. Where this comparison yields an adverse verdict is mainly in regard to particulars which few would deem profitable to salvation.

Thirdly, it may be objected that the practical effect of this new theory is to admit that there are numerous objective errors in Scripture, whereas the Fathers and ancient commentators

have ever been so insistent that not a line or letter in the whole Bible yields an untruth. Yes, but the solicitude of the Fathers and ancient commentators in such passages is about the exigencies of inspiration *ex parte dicentis*, not about those *ex parte objecti*. Where they saw that an error could exist in the sacred text—*e.g.*, in the speech of St. Stephen or the letter of King Arius—without being an error *ex parte dicentis*, or of the inspired writer, they found no difficulty in it. The difference between them and the advocates of the new theory is that, in a whole class of cases where the Fathers had no means of seeing how there could be objective error without its being also error *ex parte dicentis*, the advocates of the new theory offer solid reasons for thinking that there can be. Moreover, the Fathers would have felt precisely the same difficulty about the new way of dealing with the geocentric expressions in Scripture.

We must stop here, although we have had to pass over without notice some other interesting features of this new theory which is now being so seriously discussed. But perhaps enough has been said to interest our theological readers in the subject, if indeed their interest in it is not excited already. We have not wished to put it forward as having already established itself, for it may require a good deal more discussion before that can be claimed for it, and particularly a good deal more careful study of Jewish modes of literature. Still it seems to offer a fair promise of an eventual recognition when the due limits of its application have been more exactly assigned, and if it proves able to maintain itself, it will certainly be very valuable for the removal of difficulties which at present press us sorely. Of course it has its resolute opponents as well as its supporters, and it is well that this should be, that it may be tried searchingly in the fires of discussion. One thing only we would plead for it at the hands of those who in their suspicions of it are prone to denounce it in no measured language. It is that they should take warning from the words of Cardinal Bellarmine, quoted on a former page. If Bellarmine could be so confident of the untenableness of a principle of interpretation which now has even been sanctioned by authority, just because he, in common with his contemporaries, overlooked a point since made clear, should we not now-a-days be careful not to denounce till we are quite sure that we have thoroughly understood?

Honour's Glassy Bubble.

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

"Honour is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble,
Whose least part crackèd the whole doth fly,
And wits are crack'd to find out why."
Hudibras.

PROLOGUE.

"THEREFORE, if Jesus Christ were now on earth, He would not be considered worthy of a lieutenant's commission in our army!"

With this seeming blasphemy did a Tyrolese deputy in the Austrian Delegations aptly sum up (November 28, 1884) the position of those who defend the institution of the duel as a military necessity. And in return to the taunt thus hurled at him, the Minister of War (Count Bylandt-Rheidt) could only shake his head in obvious embarrassment for a reply.¹

Such is the plain truth. By no possibility can the fundamental precepts of our Saviour be reconciled with the code which not only sanctions but prescribes duelling. The divine command to love one another, to forgive as we would be forgiven, and to suffer rather than commit an injury, is utterly incompatible with the spirit which bids a man, in the name of honour, to wash out every slight or affront in his neighbour's blood or his own.

Yet the practice of duelling is sternly prohibited by three-fold laws, to wit:

1. By the law of the Catholic Church, which excommunicates principals and seconds.
2. By the law of the State, which dictates fines and imprisonment against them.
3. And finally by the military law itself, which officially and nominally prescribes punishment for these transgressions.

¹ See the *Gemeinde Zeitung* of Vienna, November 29th, 1884.

But all these precepts and prescriptions are daily and hourly set at naught by another stronger and more compelling, albeit unwritten law, that of so-called Honour; and thousands of men who would be sorely indignant were their character of good Christians and good subjects called in question, hold it for a supreme and sacred duty to be ever ready to engage in mortal combat, or compel others to do so, in the name of Honour.

What is yet more curious, by some abnormal and perverse process of reasoning, this murderous institution has come to be regarded as a privilege specially reserved for Christians. Not only is it unknown to pagans, Mahometans, and Jews; but the last-named people in particular are considered unworthy to share it, precisely on the score of their religion. While he remains a Jew, a man is not *satisfactionsfähig*, he cannot claim the right of killing or being killed. If he desires to acquire this privilege he must profess himself a convert, and go through the mummary of being instructed in the truth of the Gospel, of receiving Baptism, and of thus becoming a member of the Church, with the mental reservation and express purpose, as his first Christian act, of violating the law which he has just vowed to observe. The whole thing is undisguisedly a mere farce, equally childish and blasphemous. He must be labelled as a Christian in order that he may be in a position to outrage the precepts of Christ in gentlemanlike fashion.

For those who have not lived in a country where this barbarous institution still flourishes, as in Germany or Austria, it is hard to realize for what disreputable tragedies and ruined lives it is constantly responsible. Nor is the blame in reality to be laid, as might be supposed, solely at the door of a mistaken and distorted sense of honour. As a matter of fact, if the truth were told aloud, it is but rarely for the sake of their *soi-disant* honour that so many engage in mortal combat, but rather for the far more prosaic object of their daily bread. An officer who, for whatsoever reason, refuses to fight, is a ruined man. Brother officers decide when a duel has become imperative, and frequently set on the parties, as we should not dare to set on two dogs. For him who declines to fight, whether on the score of religion, law, or humanity, the army no longer offers a possible career.

The alternative is therefore to starve; for in nine cases out of ten the profession of arms is the only one for which he is fitted either by education, training, or personal aptitude, and he

is rarely possessed of any resources beyond his pay. If he is a married man with a family, while the possibility of a fatal issue entails a more fearful risk, the certain prospect of disgrace and penury presents an even more desperate alternative.

It is of course obvious to common-sense that the practice of duelling is not merely iniquitous but irrational. It is attended by no advantages whatsoever, not even by such as some stubbornly prejudiced votaries would plead on its behalf. It makes bullies the practical masters of the situation. The man who is a recognized *sabreur*, or fire-eater, is free to hector and domineer, his victims being entitled only to the satisfaction of allowing him to put a blade or bullet through them. Nor is prowess of this description found in practice necessarily, or even commonly, to go hand in hand with genuine soldierly qualities. *Bon duelliste, mauvais soldat*, was Napoleon's terse verdict. Frederick the Great did his utmost to stamp out the practice, although in Prussia even he failed. Two famous Swedish monarchs gave yet more unmistakable evidence of their opinion. Gustavus Adolphus, learning that a duel was about to be fought, ordered the executioner to attend for the purpose of decapitating the survivor. Charles XII. ordained that if the result of a duel were fatal, the survivor should be executed, and both parties declared infamous. If neither fell, both men were to be imprisoned for two years on bread and water, being moreover fined one thousand crowns apiece.

We ourselves can now fully appreciate all this, though not so long ago we were no more enlightened than other European nations in this regard, for it is little more than half a century since the tide of opinion turned and swept away for ever, what had long been regarded as a vital element of our social life. So complete indeed has been the revolution, that we appear to have run to the opposite extreme. Nothing is more curious than the apathy wherewith we persistently ignore what is continually going on elsewhere. "Atrocities," as a rule, be they Chinese, Armenian, or Macedonian, rouse the English people to a state of frenzied indignation. But that among our nearest neighbours, Christian nations of the highest civilization, a senseless and sanguinary code of Honour should exact its yearly tribute of brutal homicides and broken hearts, leaves us serenely indifferent, if indeed we can get ourselves to believe in indubitable facts.

No less strange is it, that in these days when travelling

facilities make all peoples of Christendom so familiar with one another that every new improvement or development, whether in cycles or rifles, frocks or feathers, at once becomes common property; and where all are so quick and eager to adopt what is best, the influence of the ideas which have made so great and so salutary a mark upon our national life, should penetrate so slowly, or rather make no way at all amongst others. Frequently when I have discussed these questions with my foreign friends, in whose midst my lot is cast, and have urged the ghastly anachronism of their usages in this respect as compared with ours, I have received the curious answer that it is all very well for Englishmen to abolish the duel, but that continental peoples are not yet educated up to such a mark as to enable them to do without it. It is not often that we hear ourselves flattered on the score of education, but if there be anything in such a plea, is it not wonderful and paradoxical that those who acknowledge our advantage should not strive to take a leaf from our book? When English games, English jockeys, English trunks, and English tailors are so freely imported and so highly appreciated, the merits of the code of honour which suffices for English gentlemen, might surely lay claim to be recognized as well?

Now at last, however, there seems to be a gleam that may presage the dawn of a more enlightened state of things. A movement has arisen on the Continent which has resulted in the formation of an Anti-duelling League, pledged to use all means that may serve to awaken the public conscience and break down the time-honoured prejudices which stand in the way of a reform. The originating and leading spirit of the good work is a noble Prince whose social position enables him to speak with an advantage denied to others, and it is to the support of his efforts that I dedicate a story, the sole aim whereof is to present a truthful and impartial picture of the misfortunes daily resulting from the barbarous practice which it is his aim to abolish.

E. GERARD.

BOOK I.

GRANDPAPA ATTILA.

CHAPTER I.

PISTA'S MORNING WORK.

"For though the mansion-house and the dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank heaven our honour and the family pictures are as fresh as ever."

The Rivals.

"THE large Damascus sabre a little higher—do you hear, Pista?—with the two Toledo blades placed crosswise underneath; and above, forming a sort of arch or semicircle, you can put the fencing-foils. My own private swords and rapiers, those for daily use, must of course be hung lower in a row so as to be within handy reach."

Captain Attila Hunvalagi, lying in bed, enveloped in the clouds of smoke issuing from the long Turkish chibouk he held in his hand, was imperiously directing the operations of his servant, just now employed in fixing up against a long expanse of white-washed wall, the miscellaneous assortment of swords and scimetars; glaives and rapiers littered about the apartment in picturesque disarray, along with fencing-gloves, masks, and many other such nondescript articles of formidable and aggressive appearance.

The state of the room testified to a recent arrival on the premises; and in fact it was scarcely twenty-four hours since Captain Hunvalagi, in compliance with an Imperial order, had reached the little Hungarian garrison town of Szent-Kiraly, where his new regiment, the 20th Hussars, was stationed.

For the last two years he had served his Austrian Majesty as first lieutenant in the Royal Hungarian Guards, whither by reason of his birth and connections (for the Hunvalagis take rank among the oldest families in the land), no less than by reason of his gigantic stature and superb *physique*, he had been summoned. But although apparently, and at first sight, an ideal guardsman and one of the most brilliant ornaments of his troop, comrades and superiors alike were not long in discovering in young Attila certain other characteristics of distinctly inconvenient and obtrusive nature. The wild untamed Hungarian blood rolling in his veins was too inconveniently

hot to permit of its owner gracefully adapting himself to certain narrow-minded conventionalities inseparable from life in a large capital. Broil succeeded broil, and one duel followed upon the heels of another with such startling rapidity as to render the task of keeping account of young Hunvalagi's engagements of honour an almost impossible one. Very soon he had earned for himself the reputation of a notorious fire-eater and formidable fencer; and such being the case, it presently became evident that his room in the Royal Hungarian Guards was decidedly preferable to his company. In other regiments, lying in remote parts of the Empire, duels did not greatly signify at the time of which I write; often indeed serving rather agreeably to break the monotony of country garrison life; but here in the capital, under the very eyes of his gracious Majesty, such stormy episodes were at a discount, and the dignity of the Royal Hungarian Bodyguards demanded that its members should keep clear of unseemly *imbroglios*. When therefore a graver and more notorious affair than any previous one took place in Vienna, terminating with the death of Hunvalagi's opponent, a member of the very highest Austrian aristocracy, the *fiat* of banishment went forth for this too successful duellist.

But young Hunvalagi, notwithstanding his delinquencies, had mighty and influential friends at Court and at the War Office, and those being the days when nepotism and arbitrary favouritism yet held almost unlimited sway in the Austrian army, the sentence of exile was presently so far modified that instead of being gazetted to his new regiment according to his actual rank of simple first lieutenant, Attila Hunvalagi was appointed captain over the heads of numerous senior comrades. Thus the ostensible punishment was divested of its odium, and it was rather with the sensation of an all-conquering hero that Attila performed the long carriage journey from Vienna (for this was the year of 1838, and railways had not yet penetrated to Austria) to the little town of Szent-Kiraly.

Attila had scarcely had time as yet to take cognizance of his surroundings, nor had he made the acquaintance of any of his new comrades, for having arrived late on the previous evening, he had proceeded straight to his assigned quarters, a long, low-roofed, white-washed room adjoining the stables, furnished with that Spartan and primitive simplicity mostly characterizing military arrangements in those days. Two tables, half a dozen chairs, and a moderate-sized press, besides

the bed in which he now lay—all of plain unvarnished deal—comprised the entire inventory of the apartment, most of which articles had just now been pushed aside to make room for a large packing-case of almost heroic dimensions and containing Captain Hunvalagi's most valued possessions, his collection of arms; for although but scantily endowed with worldly goods, and caring little for modern comforts or personal adornments, his swords and daggers, rapiers and foils, were the only earthly belongings to which his soul really clung; whose possession was ever a source of pure unalloyed delight, and of whose congenial sight his doting eyes could never weary. So, just as a fashionable beauty at the end of a long journey will first and foremost hasten to unlock her trinket-boxes and the trunks containing her feathers and furbelows, to assure herself of the safety of these precious belongings, so Attila could not have endured to pass a single day in his new domicile without unpacking and counting over his martial trophies. The arrangement of his rather scanty wardrobe, of his numerous pipes, and few books could be put off till to-morrow, but breakfast was not to be thought of to-day until that long expanse of white wall opposite his bed had been idealized and glorified by the suspension of his treasures.

Long and loving practice had taught him exactly how and where each single weapon was to be placed, in order duly to accentuate and throw into relief its peculiar beauties and charms; and it was with the eagle glance of a skilled general marshalling his troops, that he gave forth orders to his servant who, mounted upon a chair, hammer in hand and perspiring profusely (for it was July and the thermometer marked 20° Réaumur in the shade), was vainly endeavouring to keep pace with his master's feverish impatience. The task, moreover, presented grave difficulties, for the texture of the wall being of coarse and inferior quality, every hammer-stroke sent the mortar flying in showers over the room, whose floor by this time was densely powdered as with a profusion of gigantic snowflakes.

"I cannot get any of these nails to bear the weight of the big sabre," Pista ventured at last somewhat ruefully to observe when his task was nearing completion. "Would it not be better perhaps to wait until after your honour has breakfasted? Then I can look about the town and see if some stronger hooks are to be procured."

"Breakfast? Nonsense!" snarled the master. "I shall not

think of breakfast nor you either, until the last knife and dagger have been duly attached. And as for the nails not being strong enough, why it's only your head that is weak, or you would not talk such confounded rubbish. Do you not know that ten small nails may, if properly disposed, be equal in strength to one big one? Just as twenty oxen may pull a cart as easily as one elephant, or a single good fencer may be safely gauged against a dozen louts. So not another word, but to it again if you want to break your fast before twelve o'clock!"

Pista, who knew his master too well to attempt contradiction when, as at present, he chanced to be in one of his obstinate moods, prepared to resume his Sisyphean task, when the sound of heavy knocking at the outer door caused him to pause afresh.

"Perhaps it is the baker," he said, laying down the hammer with joyful alacrity. "I told him to bring the rolls for your honour's breakfast an hour ago."

"A plague upon the baker! But stay, you can tell whoever has brought the rolls to fetch some of those hooks you declare to be indispensable. Confound the fellow! Go and ask him what is the meaning of all this infernal row he is making. Hammering at the door for all the world as if he wanted to bring down the house about my ears!"

Presently Pista returned with an unexpected announcement. Not the much maligned baker, it seemed, was responsible for the noise, but two officers of the regiment demanding to be admitted to Captain Hunvalagi's presence.

"They seemed mighty anxious, and would take no denial, for although I told them that your honour was not yet dressed, they said that they would wait in the lobby outside till you are ready to receive them."

"Wait? Not a bit of it!" cried Attila, cheerfully. "Why should comrades stand on ceremony with each other? Tell the gentlemen to walk in here, and we can make acquaintance whilst I put on my clothes."

CHAPTER II.

ATTILA'S MORNING EXERCISE.

ACRES. "Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding."—*The Rivals.*

A MINUTE later the door opened again to admit two gorgeously attired Hussar lieutenants, both arrayed in fullest dress uniform, and with a certain unmistakable expression of official dignity upon their faces.

"Remarkably kind on your part, brothers, to have looked me up already. That is what I call a true Hungarian welcome. It warms the heart, upon my word it does," said Hunvalagi, stretching out a long muscular arm in cordial greeting towards the visitors.

But the officers, who had confined themselves to a dignified salute, remained standing near the door in an attitude of rigid formality.

"I have the honour to present myself as First Lieutenant Gabor, of the 20th Hussars," said the senior of the two, a sallow-faced, sullen-eyed man, some four or five years older than Attila.

"And I am First Lieutenant Radovics, at your service," added his companion, in a precisely similar tone of automatic impassibility.

"Vastly delighted, I am sure," said Hunvalagi, somewhat mystified as to the reason of all this formality, "and I am Captain Attila Hunvalagi—though perhaps an introduction is scarcely necessary. You know who I am, or you would not be here."

"Yes, we know, or we should not be here," came simultaneously in hollow tones from both visitors.

"Captain Hunvalagi," now began the first speaker, laying a peculiar and sinister emphasis upon the military title, "we have come hither in order to make you acquainted with our sentiments towards you as befits men of probity and honour."

"What the deuce are these singular lunatics driving at?" thought Attila, still staring in round-eyed amazement at his visitors, but aloud he only remarked:

"Your sentiments towards me? All right; fire away."

"We accordingly desire to ask you," went on Gabor, in a yet more markedly sepulchral tone of voice, "by what right you have been appointed captain in the 20th Hussars?"

"By his Imperial Majesty's order. You surely have read the appointment in the official Gazette?"

"We have read it," returned both officers in a breath.

"Very well. Then, since you do not dispute the fact, in what way, I ask, can I serve you?"

"By giving us due and befitting satisfaction for the slight put upon us by your promotion," proceeded the spokesman, "Captain Hunvalagi, we believe you to be an upright and honourable man, and have no reproach to cast upon your

personal character ; but you must be aware that your advancement to the post of captain over our heads can only be regarded as a grave insult to myself and my friend Radovics ; and that insults of this kind can only be wiped out with blood."

A flash of understanding had come into Attila's eyes, and the previously bewildered expression was replaced by a broad smile of satisfaction.

"Insulted, brothers ? Why, to be sure, so you are ! How stupid of me not to see it at once ; but my head is still a little muddled after forty-eight hours' journey in that lumbering post-coach. And so you are thirsting for my blood ? Perfectly natural under the circumstances, and I cordially return the sentiment."

"Then you are willing to give us the satisfaction we consider our due, as befits men of honourable ambition ?"

"Willing ? Say rather delighted," retorted Attila, in a tone that carried conviction with it.

"Very well. If you will kindly name your seconds, we will desire our representatives to arrange all details of the meeting with them."

"Seconds ? What need of such formalities between gentlemen ? Surely we can arrange our little business by ourselves without assistance," exclaimed Attila, now vaulting out of bed and taking down a fencing sword from the wall.

"Impossible !" exclaimed Lieutenant Gabor, involuntarily recoiling a step in dismay, no less at the unexpectedness of the proposition than at the formidable and grotesque appearance of his would-be antagonist, who had already drawn the blade from the scabbard, and was calling upon him to do the same. "You surely cannot be serious in proposing to fight, at once—without preparations, and in this—in this rather incomplete costume ?"

"Why not ? Any costume comes handy to me on these occasions ; and no time like the present, say I. Why put off till to-morrow what can far more easily and pleasantly be accomplished to-day ?"

"But pray consider for a moment ; such an irregular proceeding would be absolutely contrary to all recognized laws of duelling etiquette !"

"A plague upon etiquette !" cried Attila, his blood now thoroughly roused ; "draw man, draw ! And on your guard as you love your life, and if you would not stand for ever disgraced

in my eyes! What do you mean by coming whining here about being insulted and demanding satisfaction, if you are not prepared to make good your words? You say you want my blood; and by the Great Hun my forefather, you shall have the chance of taking it whether you like it or not. On guard! On guard! I say, or the consequences be on your own head!"

Attired in an exceedingly short night-shirt, whose undoubted antiquity was attested by frayed-out edges and buttons conspicuous by absence, Attila Hunvalagi was indeed a figure calculated to strike terror into the heart of the stoutest antagonist; and it is exceedingly doubtful whether the challenge would have been thus unconditionally conveyed had the two officers previously realized the physical superiority of the man against whom they were proposing to measure themselves. The long lithe limbs and broad chest so freely displayed by the imperfect costume, were equally covered by a luxuriant hairy growth of which no gorilla need have been ashamed—only broken here and there by the well-trained muscles standing out in relief like twisted iron cords. The broad but somewhat low forehead, cleft in twain by sweeping eyebrows that would seem to be drawn with ink upon ivory parchment, the slightly oblique black eyes that alternately flashed and smouldered as though fed by some hidden fire, and boldly curved aquiline nose above the sharply-pointed moustache—all combined to produce one of those characteristically Asiatic types still occasionally to be met with in some European races, in none more frequently than among the Transylvanian Hungarians residing on the far eastern frontier of the Austrian Empire; there where for many centuries Turk and Tartar waged fierce war against the original inhabitants of the soil.

In those wild days when human blood was shed as callously as that of wolf or bear, and human destinies wafted to and fro as lightly and irresponsibly as thistledown blown about by capricious breezes, many barbarian seedlings found their way into alien pasturages, there oft to take root and develop with unexpected and startling results, like intrusive poppies disturbing the regularity of symmetrical cornfields.

Thus, still to this day in Transylvania, there may be found certain noble families who take a curious pride in deriving their pedigree from those all-destroying Huns that in the ninth century ravaged their land, burnt down their villages, and carried off their wives and daughters.

The Hunvalagis, in particular, had ever made it their special boast of having come down in line direct from the Scourge of God himself, and in compliance with an ancient tradition, piously adhered to like the observance of some holy rite, the name of Attila descended through each generation from father to son upon the eldest male scion.

But the fortunes of the Hunvalagi family, once in proud possession of many broad acres of wheat-growing land and smiling vineyards, had gone sadly down-hill during the last half-century. Cards, high living, along with a system of barbaric and irresponsible hospitality, having all contributed to undermine what had once been a truly princely estate, with the result that Attila Hunvalagi (Attila XXXVII., as he chose to be called), the hero of the present scene, found himself at his father's death reduced to living upon the rather meagre pay of an Austrian officer, after having parted with the last scrap of the paternal acres in order to pay off his most pressing creditors and provide himself with a couple of chargers.

"On guard! On guard!" Attila was still shouting to his dumbfounded antagonist, who, having by a last despairing glance convinced himself of the futility of all further attempt at parley or persuasion with this terrible foe, likewise drew his sword from the scabbard and prepared to defend himself.

The combat was short, for although Lieutenant Gabor had hitherto been reckoned one of the first fencers in the regiment, he proved to be no match for the colossal strength and lightning agility wherewith his opponent's movements were carried out—all, as it were, focussed and intensified by a certain savage recklessness and audacity that were Attila's own special and inherent gifts. And when presently a sabre cut having put Lieutenant Gabor *hors de combat* with a gaping gash across the face that for ever marred the regularity of his features, it was with a gesture of courteous invitation that Attila now turned to the second officer, who meanwhile had been standing by petrified into the semblance of a pillar of salt by the speed and vigour of these transactions.

"Your turn now, comrade," he remarked, pleasantly—and so *volens volens* Lieutenant Radovics had to follow suit, and ere another five minutes had elapsed he, too, met with the same fate as his companion, only with even graver results; for when suddenly staggering back against the white-washed wall, he suffered his sword to drop helplessly to the ground, it soon

became evident that a large artery in the wrist, whence the blood was freely spouting, had been severed in twain.

Attila now likewise threw away his sword and rang the bell.

"Pista," he cried to the entering servant, "quick, fresh water and linen rags for binding up these gentlemen's wounds."

"I shall tear up one of our old under-breeches," returned Pista, who was accustomed to apply the plural sense in alluding to his master's possessions. "They are nearly all in tatters at any rate and not worth mending, the washerwoman says, but will make first-rate bandages."

And these operations having been satisfactorily concluded, it was with the genial smile of a hospitable host that Attila went on to say :

"And now, brothers, that we have settled our little differences, you will, I trust, not refuse to share my modest breakfast—just a slice of Paprika bacon and a glass of good old Transylvanian wine, one of the very last bottles from my father's cellar. I am as hungry as a wolf, and trust you are the same."

But the two lieutenants could not be induced to accept this cordial invitation. Apparently they had but small appetite for the meal, and Radovics, whose face was rapidly assuming a ghastly hue, seemed on the point of fainting, although he persistently refused the wine which his late antagonist, and present host, would have pressed upon him.

"Then you will really not be induced to stay? So sorry to lose your agreeable company, for it has been a particular pleasure to make your acquaintance," said Attila, as he conducted the two officers to the door of his dwelling-house. "And pray remember to tell my other yet unknown comrades, that if any of them should happen likewise to feel aggrieved or insulted by my promotion to the regiment, I shall be delighted to give them full and complete satisfaction, and am always at their service, especially before breakfast, as there is nothing like a little brisk exercise of this sort for giving a healthy appetite."

"And we have still plenty of old linen breeches in the trunk," added Pista, with a diabolical grin. "I shall begin to tear them up this very day in order to be ready with a fresh supply of bandages for the gentlemen's next visit."

CHAPTER III.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

"Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new."

Shakespeare.

No other officer of Captain Hunvalagi's new regiment however displayed any marked inclination to follow in his comrades' footsteps by provoking a duel with this formidable new arrival. Gabor and Radovics, whom sensitively wounded personal vanity had prompted to this step, had indeed reckoned without their host and caught a Tartar in the most literal sense of the word when they had challenged Attila Hunvalagi to cross swords with them. For Radovics, moreover, the encounter was destined to be fatal, for although at first sight it had seemed as though no more serious consequences than loss of blood were to be apprehended from the cut, some imprudence on his part caused the wound to re-open about ten days later, and a violent attack of hemorrhage put an end to his life before assistance could reach him.

Henceforth Captain Hunvalagi's position in the 20th Hussars was unassailable and unassailed; and there were none who dared to bandy words with this fierce young descendant of the Huns, whose arguments and repartees were apt to be of such a convincingly sharp and vigorous nature. Imperceptibly, and as though by tacit agreement, Attila Hunvalagi came to be regarded as an abnormal and redoubtable being whose temper and idiosyncrasies had to be carefully studied and as scrupulously humoured as the habits of any mad dog or man-eating tiger, by whosoever desired to live at peace with him; and as apart from this one particular crotchet, Attila was a good comrade and excellent company, the harmony of the regiment was henceforth rarely disturbed.

Whether this idyllic state of things would have lasted interminably, may be regarded as doubtful; but just when Captain Hunvalagi was beginning secretly to bewail the monotony of an existence whose records for fully six months were innocent of the smallest duel, an event took place which not only altered the whole tenour of his life, but was likewise to decide the fate of yet unborn generations.

The pivot whereon so much was to depend, came in the

shape of a long blue envelope from a lawyer's office in the town of Graz, the capital of Styria, which Attila found lying on his table one dull February afternoon between an unpaid bill for fencing-foils and a rather insolent note from a Jewish creditor threatening with exposure at head-quarters if his exorbitant claims were not promptly settled.

Attila was no great scholar, and it took him the best part of an hour to master the contents of the long blue envelope, which proved to be nothing less than the testament of a certain Baron Stillberg, who had lately died in Styria at the age of ninety as the last of his name, and who according to the present document had left his fortune and very considerable estate to his unknown and distant relative, Attila Hunvalagi, under certain conditions minutely specified.

Although aware that his paternal great-grandmother had been a Baroness Stillberg, this circumstance had hitherto possessed no particular interest for Attila Hunvalagi. Eighty years had now elapsed since had taken place the event which had grafted the German name of Hilda Stillberg on the rugged old family tree of the Hunvalagis; but the legend of how the audacious young Hungarian nobleman, mounted upon a swift and fiery steed, had carried off the blue-eyed maiden in the full light of day, and under the very eyes of her distracted parents, was still told in the land whenever the name of Hunvalagi was mentioned.

Hilda's father, a gouty old Styrian proprietor, had visited the Hercules Baths in Lower Hungary for the sake of its healing waters, and it was there that a certain young Hunvalagi (Attila XXXIV.) had seen and become enamoured of the fair German girl, who as little resembled his black-eyed countrywomen as a delicate lily growing amidst a red poppy-field. His ardent advances were but coldly received by the stolid German father, who had other views for his beautiful daughter; but such trifling impediments are incapable of discouraging the scions of a race which knows no other law but the law of might, and has ever been accustomed unhesitatingly to appropriate whatever happens to be desirable.

Whether the fair Hilda had been the willing or reluctant victim of her audacious ravisher was never precisely known. She died within a year of the elopement, after having given birth to a son who became the grandfather of the present Attila Hunvalagi.

No attempt at reconciliation or acquaintance had ever been made by any subsequent Stillbergs or Hunvalagis, who for a score of years continued to regard each other with feelings of unabated hatred and resentment. To this original animosity had succeeded indifference, when time had cicatrized the wounds of a former generation; and a few decades later something very like oblivion set in for both parties, there being no reason to assume that the fates of the two families would in any way again be intermingled.

The news, therefore, that a Baron Stillberg, the last of his line, and a grand-nephew of that same Hilda Stillberg whose elopement with a wild Hungarian lover had so grievously scandalized all members of this well-conducted German family—had, in default of other heirs, decreed that his estates and income were to pass to a male representative of the Hungarian family of Hunvalagi, came upon Attila as an overwhelming surprise.

The terms of the will were very explicit, and may be thus briefly summed up:

The estate of Stillberg in Lower Styria, and all incomes and benefices thence accruing, were bequeathed to the eldest unmarried male scion of the Hunvalagis' who was ready to comply with the following conditions:

(1) That he should in addition to his patrimonial name, take that of Stillberg, being henceforth styled Hunvalagi-Stillberg.

(2) That he should make of his Styrian estate his principal residence, and spend there no less than eight months of every year.

(3) That he should, within a twelvemonth of succeeding to the inheritance, take to himself a wife of one of a dozen noble Styrian families minutely specified.

(4) In default of there being found any member of the Hunvalagi family who was ready and willing to comply with all or any of these stipulations, the entire inheritance was after the lapse of a year to revert to a public charitable institution.

As, however, there existed at this time no other member of the said Hungarian family but Captain Attila Hunvalagi, at present serving in the 20th Hussars, this hitherto penniless and obscure young man was abruptly confronted with the necessity of a stupendous decision—either to refuse the splendid inheritance

thus unexpectedly offered by Fate, or else by accepting it to forswear all his previous habits and principles, embarking upon a new mode of life contrary to inherent tastes and education. Attila Hunvalagi had never known what it was to have a spare silver florin in his pocket at the end of the month, and had often, indeed, been obliged to resort to manifold covert and ingenious stratagems in order to provide a meal or pay his washerwoman's bill; nevertheless, he was more than half inclined to refuse the dazzling offer of a fortune to be acquired at the price of what he chose to consider the abnegation of his whole personality.

"Pista," he said, about half an hour later, having in default of other counsellors opened his heart to that wary and experienced domestic, who, being a native of Transylvania and reared on the paternal acres, had followed his young master to the regiment, "how could you ever endure to live in a country where there are no big plains upon which to gallop from dawn to dusk without ever drawing rein? No gipsy musicians to delight the ear by their intoxicating strains? Where no wine worth drinking ever grows? I am told that those Styrian louts are for ever swilling beer until their heads are as heavy as the turnips they cultivate."

"That depends," cautiously retorted Pista, who, being some five years older than Attila, had more realistic and pronounced views of life than his master. "Wine and gipsy music are very good things to be sure if we have got the money to pay for them, but if our pockets are empty—why then——" An expressive gesture finished the phrase better than words.

"Besides," he went on after a pause, "cannot money buy everything our heart desires? And why should Hungarian wine taste less sweet, and Tzigane music sound less ravishing in Styria than in Hungary? Take my word for it, master, the only true wisdom is to fill our pockets when we have the chance, and it will go hard indeed if we do not contrive to spend these German ducats over there in true princely Hungarian fashion!"

"By the great Hun! You are not half wrong, Pista, and were it not for the last condition of my noodle-headed cousin's will, I really would be almost inclined to close with the offer. But the Styrian wife! Is it not misfortune enough to have been saddled in the past with a German great-grandmother, but must I now add to the deterioration of the race by giving my children a mother who will probably bring them up on beer and sauerkraut, and keep them tied to her apron-strings?"

"Oh, that is the simplest part of the matter," retorted Pista, with a broad smile of superior wisdom that disclosed a flashing set of ivory-white teeth almost from ear to ear. "Do not birch rods grow in Styria as well as in Hungary? And for what purpose did the good God plant them I wonder but to be used by us for breaking in our wives and horses? Let us go the whole hog, master, and take the German filly along with the rest; believe me there are no risks at all in the matter. Have you forgotten the last verse of the old song—the song of the Peacock, that is sung in every house throughout the Szekel land?—

Then in my hand I took the rod
And beat my bosom's wife,
Until she cried, 'Thou art my lord!
My lord for death and life!'"

And so it came to be settled at last. Attila Hunvalagi was to send in his resignation as Captain of the 20th Hussars; and some weeks later he had turned his back on his native Pusztas, after having celebrated his departure by a magnificent farewell banquet to his brother officers which lasted over twenty hours to the unremitting strains of a gipsy orchestra and the consumption of countless barrels of the choicest Hungarian wines.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

"A Celestial Post-Office."

ON the 8th of December, our contemporary, the *St. James's Gazette*, had a note for the instruction of its readers, recalling the appalling calamity which in 1863 befell the city of Santiago, in Chili. An immense crowd being gathered in the Cathedral, to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception, a fierce conflagration, which arose among the lamps with which the ceiling was covered, turned the whole church into a blazing furnace, and there perished no less than two thousand victims, chiefly ladies, many of them belonging to the first families in the State. The circumstances of this shocking tragedy, and the horrors by which it was accompanied, marked it out from the first as a choice topic for the zealots whose cardinal doctrine is that the Church which includes the great majority of Christians is the Beast of the Apocalypse, and the world was presently flooded with demonstrations that here was a manifest instance of God's wrath visibly manifested against idolatry. In support of this contention various stories were confidently told, which upon examination proved to have no better foundation than the malicious or prurient imagination of those who invented them. One of these we regret to find gravely accepted as undoubted fact by so respectable an authority as the *St. James's Gazette*, which states, as though there were no doubt on the subject, that amongst other attractions exhibited to allure votaries to the Cathedral on the fatal day, was a "Celestial post-office," under the charge of a priest, who persuaded his dupes that by its means they could establish epistolary communication with the Virgin herself, sending letters direct to her, and receiving replies written with her own hand. It is added that this blasphemous institution was the first victim of what our reporters love to term the devouring element.

The first reflection which must occur to any one who has knowledge of the world beyond our own four seas, is that here we have a prime specimen of that superb insular conceit, which

looks upon "foreigners" in the lump as a class so inferior to ourselves that they cannot be treated as rational beings, and that no absurdity is too gross to be credited to their account. That so insane and profane a notion as that of such a Celestial post-office could fail to be at once denounced and anathematized by the Church, no Catholic could for a moment imagine, yet it is the whole point of the story to represent it as her invention :—take that element away and the tale loses all attraction for its tellers. And while nothing which can possibly be called evidence has ever been offered in its support, clear evidence as to the real facts was promptly supplied, evidence which the common experience of Catholics abundantly corroborates. What really happened, as it happens daily in a thousand other places, was this. Written petitions for favours solicited through our Lady's intercession, were laid upon the altar, in the chapel dedicated to God under her invocation, as a tangible symbol of the faith and sincerity of her clients, who believed that their petitions would thence ascend to God, as St. John saw the prayers of the Saints offered as incense before His Throne, but in no more material fashion. This is doubtless not a proceeding which finds any place or analogy in Protestant worship ;—but it is something quite different from the childish and blasphemous idea of a Celestial post-office—carelessly attributed to a people who will have no opportunity of repudiating it, since in all probability they do not read the *St. James's Gazette*.

The Church and the Rights of Animals.

Any stick, as is proverbial, will serve to beat a dog, and we know by daily experience how any sort of cudgel is thought good enough to belabour the Catholic Church. But it is interesting to observe how readily whatever weapon seems handy for such a purpose is seized upon, without any thought that its blows must inevitably fall even more heavily upon something else which it is by no means desired to assail.

In the *Athenæum* of December 17th, 1904, we find a review of two recent books about Ireland, one of them by Mr. S. M. Hussey, the other by Mr. Michael M'Carthy, for whose utterances a special authority is wont to be claimed, on the ground that he comes forward as a Catholic witness to the condition of affairs, a pretension which his envenomed diatribes flatly contradict. Amongst other things, Mr. Hussey speaks of the agrarian

outrages in the "eighties," and concerning his account of them the reviewer thus discourses :

The worst feature was the cruelty displayed not only to domestic animals, but also to women and children who were present when the murderers broke into a house. Rarely does a trace of compassion shine out in these shocking narratives. The cause seems unknown to the author, but is it not the psychological result of the teaching of the Church of Rome that animals, having no souls, have no rights, and that, in consequence, cruelty to them is not a sin requiring confession or penance? The total absence of any teaching of humanity in this sense, permits children to grow up without that best but latest outcome of true civilization, and callousness to the sufferings of beasts extends to those of helpless women and children.

Now,—to say nothing of the facile extension of the writer's explanation, to the case of human beings, contained in the last clause—wanton cruelty to brute creatures is undoubtedly abominable, and those who, positively or negatively, help to foster such a spirit, are fit objects of the gravest censure. But what of the doctrine of Animal Rights, the non-recognition of which evokes the critic's indignation? Is it because he violates such rights that the perpetrator of cruelties is culpable, and not rather because he sins against himself, and degrades his own nature, by acting towards beasts as they act towards one another ;—something in the same fashion as if he were to live in a pig-stye with swine, and feed like a hog? And, should we have to acknowledge that animals have independent rights as against mankind, will the indictment on the score of their violation be limited to the Catholic Church, and not rather extend to the whole human race, and not least to those who profess to be champions of the cause of animals.

In truth, the logical outcome of such recognition would prove the world to be full of impenitent offenders, who, committing criminal outrages every day, have never a qualm of conscience concerning them,—to say nothing of confession and penance. If animals have such rights, they must, more than aught else, have a right to their lives. And in that case, what a damning impeachment of our latest and best phase of civilization has gone up from hecatombs of bees and fatlings slaughtered during the present festive season! How can the very writer to whose admonitions we have listened, venture to regale on a mutton chop, or, still worse, a dish of whitebait—which represents not murder merely, but massacre? Where can we stop, or where

draw the line? It has been seriously argued that if we will not refrain altogether from exercising tyranny upon lower animals, we should at least take care to limit to the utmost the number of those that suffer under it, so that, for instance, lobster sauce should be used instead of shrimp, since it is better to take one life than many. And if we concede rights, we must do so all round: should we find ourselves compelled to deny them in some instances, we thereby confess that they do not exist independently of us. Certainly there is no right, except of the stronger, which animals themselves recognize. And are we prepared to deny that there are some with which we are justified in continually waging a war of extermination? Are we to say that rat-catchers and mole-catchers are a race of professed miscreants, that Keating's Powder is a diabolical infringement of the rights of "black-beetles,"—and other creatures that we even shrink from naming,—and that the rewards offered by our Indian Government for the destruction of tigers and cobras constitute a great national crime? Will men ever be persuaded that it is not lawful for them to inflict even the most atrocious tortures upon animals, should it be found necessary to do so; that, for example, they may not poison a ferocious beast, to secure the lives of villagers upon whom he preys, or their flocks and herds, although it be certain that he will die in utmost agony? Do not men, as a matter of fact, to obtain a far less important advantage, boil lobsters and crabs alive, and without reproof from the great mass of their highly civilized and enlightened fellows?

It appears, therefore, that it is not in any false philosophic doctrine of Animal Rights that a sound basis can be found for "humanity in this sense,"—but in another, on which the Catholic Church continually insists, and which her opponents too commonly ignore. Man may sin not only against God and his neighbour, but also against himself,—when he outrages his own higher nature and degrades it to the likeness of the beasts, by indulging his passions and appetites, as they do without restraint. His power over other inhabitants of the earth entails a great responsibility, for "'tis excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." The man who so misuses it, in a very literal sense "makes a beast of himself,"—that is precisely what constitutes his offence. But he can do the like also in other ways, which as a rule our zoophilists regard with far more indulgence.

Reviews.

I.—KING JAMES II. IN A NEW LIGHT.¹

IT is undoubtedly true, as Abbot Gasquet says, that a man who has ever held before the world a position so exalted as that of a sovereign, is apt to be known to posterity only for his success or failure in his high office, to the exclusion of all else; and that in this respect the last of our Stuart Kings has been more than usually unfortunate. His ill-starred reign occupied less than four years, and when, in his fifty-third year, he mounted the throne, he had had already a record of peril and adventure to his credit which, had he never held the sceptre, would certainly not have been forgotten. But now how few know anything concerning him, beyond the story of misguided policy characterizing his brief tenure of power, and its inglorious collapse.

Those, however, who use the opportunity which the present volume affords, will speedily discover that the "adventures" with which the life of James was studded were adventures indeed, and that the narration of them introduces a vivid and instructive picture of the state of things at home and abroad in the middle of the seventeenth century, when faction and civil strife ruled the roast in other lands as well as our own, and fighting was so thoroughly recognized as the proper business of gentlemen, as to create no great animosity between those who fought on opposite sides.

When just nine, the little Duke of York was taken by his father on the first campaign of the Civil War, and the two armies having for several days wandered about Warwickshire in search of each other, he was present at the battle of Edgehill,

¹ *The Adventures of King James II. of England.* By the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby, Rochester, &c.*, *The Life of a Prig*, &c., &c. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D., Abbot President of the English Benedictines. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1904. xliii. 502 pp. Price 13s. 6d. net.

October 23rd, 1642, where he was in considerable personal danger. He remained with the King till the latter left Oxford to put himself in the power of the Scots, who handed him over to his enemies, and when that city surrendered to the Parliamentarians, in 1646, James became their captive. Although he was kindly, and even liberally treated, and allowed occasionally to see his father, now at Hampton Court awaiting his doom, the Duke was kept under strict constraint and surveillance, till he contrived with great pluck and coolness to give his keepers the slip, and got safely away disguised as a girl, though at a critical moment he almost betrayed himself by his boyish disregard of feminine conventionalities. Having reached the Continent, he was, though but fifteen, appointed Lord High Admiral of the portion of the British Fleet which still remained loyal to the King. Such an office was of course unsubstantial, and not even ornamental, for it brought only trouble and unpopularity, the fleet being unpaid, almost mutinous, and torn by intestine dissensions; but a little later James appears to have taken some part in privateering expeditions organized by Sir G. Carteret, Lieutenant Governor of Jersey, for the royal cause.

In a few years, however, he longed for more serious work, for which the state of France, then convulsed by the war of the Fronde, afforded abundant opportunity. He accordingly took service, first under Turenne, and presently against him, although his change of side, dictated by the political exigencies of his brother Charles, whose subject he now was, did not forfeit the regard or even the friendship of his former chief. In various campaigns he saw hard fighting, and although the part played by so exalted a personage was of course magnified, it is clear that he displayed both courage and capacity, and that if he rapidly rose to important commands, it was not solely on account of his royal blood.

But our object is merely to indicate what readers will find in the book before us,—not to summarize its contents, and for the details of James' soldiering, as well as for his subsequent adventures and experiences, they must be referred to the work itself. This, it should be noted, makes no pretension to tell anything very new, or to produce the results of original research. The main authority for the period of the Civil War, for example, is Clarendon. But the author has gathered together and unified the particulars scattered through

more general histories, and so has given them a point which otherwise they lack.

He would, we venture to think, have done better had he been more generous in indicating dates, for sometimes it is by no means easy to determine where exactly we are in this respect. Nor is he himself always quite accurate. Born in 1633, James cannot have been "little more than fourteen" when his father was executed in January, 1649. There is also occasional carelessness in regard of persons, as when Chiffinch, the notorious Clerk of the Closet under Charles II., is called "Chiffins." A more serious error is the statement that the Earl of Castlemaine, sent by James as envoy to the Pope, was the son of the Duchess of Cleveland. He was that lady's much-injured husband, and had no successor in his title.

In his valuable Introduction, Abbot Gasquet deals with the question as to the sincerity of James in his conversion, which, as is well known, was followed by no amendment of morals, at least for many years. With this it is impossible for us now to deal, and, were it otherwise, the authority attaching to the utterances of the learned Benedictine would render such an attempt wholly superfluous.

2.—THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY.¹

Three Quarters of a Century is the title of these volumes of reminiscences selected from papers left by the late Father Thébaud—a Jesuit Father of French origin, who died in 1885 after having been a familiar figure among American Catholics for nearly half a century. According to his brother-Jesuit, Father Campbell, who writes a short biographical Introduction, he was born at Nantes in 1807, and in due course was ordained priest for his native diocese. But in 1835 he went to Rome, where he entered the Society of Jesus. In 1838 he went to America, where the rest of his days were spent. Thus his life was cast in France, in Italy, and in the United States, and, as he has left reminiscences regarding each of these periods, the present publication is to embrace three volumes, of which, however, only the present, or third, is as yet published.

¹ *Three Quarters of a Century* (1807—1884). A Retrospect. By the late Rev. Augustus J. Thébaud, S.J. Vol. III. Forty Years in the United States of America. New York: United States Catholic Historical Society.

Dr. Herberman, who edits these volumes for the United States Catholic Historical Society, describes Father Thébaud as an open-minded man, who took interest in a variety of subjects, but particularly in all that concerned the growth and welfare of his adopted country, who lost no opportunity of observing and inquiring, and was diligent in recording his impressions; one too who, if prone to be militant in the defence of his own Church and its children, was none the less sympathetic and appreciative of all that was done well by others. And these are the qualities transparent in his reminiscences.

The book contains chapters on the South-Western States in 1838—1846, the people in the country and cities, the religious condition and progress of Catholics during the nineteenth century up to 1884, when his papers finish, and the Schools and Colleges in the States. Much of the contents of these chapters has already appeared in the former and larger works of Father Thébaud, but as they are given here in a short and compact summary they form an interesting record. The expansion of the Catholic Church in the North American Republic has been mainly due to two mighty currents of immigration, one German, the other Irish. The German immigration began to be noticeable in the early forties, and has gone on steadily ever since. Many of the Germans went straight to the West and settled in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Wisconsin, others crowded together in particular districts of the great Eastern cities, forming there almost the entire population. Father Thébaud, who felt a special interest in the German immigrants, and was much impressed by their sturdy Catholicity, has several interesting facts to record about them. Large, however, as has been the German immigration, the Irish has surpassed it. During what may be called the famine years, from 1846—1854, nearly a million and a quarter of immigrants from Ireland pressed in, a good half of them landing at New York, where at times they were counted as averaging a thousand a day. As Father Thébaud was transferred to New York in 1846, he was at the centre of this great wave of influx, and could write first-hand of the consequences it entailed. The resources both of the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities were of course severely taxed by so large a demand on them, and the difficulty was intensified by the appalling ravages of the fever which was the inevitable outcome of the conditions under which they left their homes and crossed the Atlantic.

Still, they appear to have been welcomed rather than otherwise, not only by the Catholics, who naturally rejoiced in such an accession to their hitherto scanty ranks, but also by the civil authorities, who saw that they would render possible the development of vast tracts of country as yet lying uncultivated for want of hands. Still, there was a section of Protestant fanatics who deeply resented the intrusion, and these, in their endeavour to stir up bigotry against the new-comers, started the Know-nothing movement which gave so much trouble and caused so many outrages in 1854-5. And here we may note incidentally that it was in order that it might be an instrument in this campaign that the notorious *History of Maria Monk* was fabricated. Another and more intelligible ground of objection to the incomers impressed many minds, and this was the fear lest, under the easy conditions for acquiring American citizenship, they should before long come to swamp the older inhabitants, and wrest from them the controlling power in public affairs. This fear, however, was never realized, as the immigrants soon fell under the assimilating influences which are so remarkable a feature in the great American people; and when in the sixties the Civil War came on and gathered all the citizens in the two opposite camps, this prevailing issue threw all other issues for the time into the shade. Nor when the war was over did the old prejudices against Catholicism recover their former strength, in the face of all the personal friendships with Catholic comrades which had been formed in the meantime, and above all in face of the spectacles of heroism displayed by the nuns on the battlefield and in the military hospitals. These are of course facts sufficiently well known, but we mention them because they form a portion of the framework which Father Thébaud clothes with many interesting reminiscences and judgments. Perhaps, however, what will chiefly interest in the volume before us are his notes on the rapid growth of the Church during the time subsequent to the Civil War, and the insights he affords us into the personalities of men like Archbishop Hughes and Bishop Loras, to whose able administration it was so largely due that the Church of America was able to make provision for the multitudes of Catholic immigrants so suddenly cast upon its hands. It would be excessive to call Father Thébaud's style literary, but he has a good power of making his descriptions life-like.

3.—THE PALACE OF CAIPHAS.¹

We have the deepest respect and sympathy for the Franciscan Fathers, who for so many centuries have acted as custodians of the Holy Places in Palestine, and whose lives even down to our own days have been passed amid constant privations and persecutions of every sort. None the less we cannot but regret the publication of the volume before us, and still more the fact of its translation into English: a step taken, so far as we can perceive, without any adequate motive. To say the truth, if the translation of this brochure had appeared anonymously we should have been tempted to say "an enemy hath done this," but the names on the title-page make it clear that we must reluctantly attribute it to an ill-advised friend. The following passage in Father Andrew Egan's Preface will sufficiently explain the situation to the reader:

The Assumptionists [he writes] have published this year a new guide, *La Palestine, Guide historique et pratique*, by the professors of Notre Dame de France. In it the following assertions are made without a shred of proof: (1) The palace of Caiphas, witness of the condemnation of Jesus Christ and the denial of St. Peter, is also the place to which the Apostle, quitting the house of the High Priest, withdrew to weep for his sin; (2) The basilica erected on the ruins of Caiphas' palace and the church constructed on the traditional grotto of the Tears of Peter constitute one monument, one sanctuary; (3) Palace and grotto, basilica and church, are no longer to be found where for so many centuries they have been thought to exist, but with incredible effrontery it is asserted that they are on a plot of ground purchased by the Assumptionists, which has in consequence been baptized by the name of "The Garden of St. Peter."

Now the tone of the Preface is also the tone of the book. Even if it seemed necessary to refute the claim of the Assumptionist Fathers to possess the identical spot where St. Peter retired to weep over his fall, it seems to us that terms somewhat less forcible than "incredible effrontery" might have done adequate justice to the offence. Though Father Coppens' argument does not dazzle us by its cogency, we are quite prepared to believe that there is no foundation for the identi-

¹ *The Palace of Caiphas* (with Plans and Designs). By the Rev. F. Urban Coppens, O.F.M. From the French, with Preface by F. Andrew Egan, O.F.M. London: Burns and Oates, 1904.

fication which the Assumptionists have recently attempted. But the fact is that there is a great deal more in the dispute than this little book gives any idea of. Father Coppens has acted very prudently in fastening on a detail in which his opponents have certainly blundered more than once, and in which, moreover, they are open to vehement suspicion of interested motives. But in the campaign which the Assumptionists and Dominicans have recently directed against that wholesale acceptance of traditional sites with which the good Franciscan Fathers identify themselves, there are a great number of other much more important questions as to which we should unhesitatingly say that the critics are justified. It is not a mere matter of the position of the grotto of St. Peter's tears; but Catholic scholars of repute have recently urged, and urged with only too much reason, that very little reliance can be placed upon the identification of the Via Dolorosa and its stations with the route travelled by our Saviour on the way to Calvary. The subject is much too vast to be discussed here, but we will give one little illustration of the difficulties, not to use any stronger expression, with which the subject is beset. On p. 10 of the brochure before us we may read the following footnote:

Prudentius Aurelius, the Pilgrim of Bordeaux, and St. Jerome compare the tortures which Jesus suffered in the palace of Caiphas to the agony of the scourging, and the column, to which He was fastened until day-break, received, according to tradition, the name of the column of the scourging.

It is part of Father Coppens' theory that the Prætorium of Pilate was in the north-east of the city, while the palace of Caiphas was on Mount Sion, in the south-west. Against this view the difficulty may be raised that the column at which our Lord was scourged is described by all early pilgrims as situated on Mount Sion. Father Coppens replies that this pillar was really a pillar in the palace of Caiphas to which our Saviour was tied during the night, and at which He suffered almost as much as if He had been scourged.

But let us turn to the testimony of the two very earliest pilgrims who have left us any account of the Holy Places. The Bordeaux pilgrim in 333, writes:

Ex eadem ascenditur Sion, et paret ubi fuit domus Caiphæ sacerdotis et columna adhuc ibi est in qua Christum flagellis ceciderunt.

About 384 St. Silvia, or, we should now say, Egeria, the pilgrim from Spain, describes how on Good Friday morning the very devout souls hastened to venerate on Mount Sion the column at which our Lord was scourged :

Post hoc (*i.e.*, after reading at day-break the whole story of how our Lord was brought before Pilate) missa facta de Cruce, id est antequam sol procedat, statim unusquisque animosi [*sic*] vadunt in Syon orare ad columnam illam ad quam flagellatus est Dominus.

There is no question of any other column but this in our early authorities. This is *the* column of the Scourging.¹ We do not say that this evidence is conclusive against the possibility of the Prætorium having been situated in the diametrically opposite corner of the city away from Mount Sion. No doubt many explanations might be suggested, but we ask what degree of confidence can be placed in the identifications of those who start off by setting aside the plain and concurrent testimony of our earliest and most unimpeachable witnesses? These witnesses state that the column at which our Lord was scourged was to be found at Mount Sion. Father Coppens replies,² "Oh no; this would be very perplexing. They must mean the column to which our Lord was tied during the night." Surely people who thus play fast and loose with evidence to suit their own convenience, cannot afford to employ such very strong language in censuring the lapses of their neighbours.

The translation before us, we are sorry to say, cannot be commended either for its accuracy or its literary form. *Vulgariser* we may point out does not mean to vulgarise, nor does *prétendre* mean to pretend; neither can we in English speak of a church as being a *souvenir* of St. Peter; nor of the *orientation* of a pilgrim who has lost his way. But almost every page contains some similar oversight.

¹ Many more such references might be quoted from early writers. St. Jerome, in 404, describes this pillar at Mount Sion as saturated with our Saviour's blood, *columna infecta cruore Domini ad quam vinctus dicitur flagellatus*. St. Ephraim, about 360, in the most unmistakable way identifies it with the scourging immediately before the Crucifixion.

² The suggestion is really due to one of Father Coppens' *confrères*, Father Barnabé d'Alsace. See *Le Prêtoire de Pilate*, p. 139, note.

4.—CATHOLIC IDEALS IN SOCIAL LIFE.

Several of the papers in Father Cuthbert's *Catholic Ideals in Social Life* have previously appeared in pamphlets or magazines, and so are already known to Catholic readers. But they well bear being collected together in a single volume, having, as he justly claims in a short Foreword, a unity of thought and purpose in "the desire to give expression to the Catholic mind touching some of the most urgent questions of the hour in regard to social life and conduct." Indeed, now that we have this series of essays before us a single whole, we are able to perceive that Father Cuthbert has provided us with a book which deserves not only to be read, but to be further "marked and inwardly digested" by every Catholic whose anxiety is to discharge worthily the duties and responsibilities that his faith and his social position place upon him. One has sometimes heard it said that the author leans a bit towards Socialism, but it is impossible to read this book without recognizing his prudence and insight in discerning and exposing exaggerations on either side of the current social theories.

We may state briefly thus the general contention which runs through these papers. We are in a transitional period, he argues; the old mediæval social system which the Church constructed to fit the needs of the times has been crumbling away during the last three centuries, and it is only now that we are beginning to realize what are to be outlines of the system destined to succeed it. It is to be a system in which the spirit of personal liberty—of personal initiative, that is to say—is to have a wider play than formerly, and yet one in which neither the rampant individualism of the *laissez faire* period, nor the despotism of an all-absorbing Socialism are to be allowed to prevail, but a happy mean between these extremes. The duty both of the Church, the State, and the individual to co-operate in securing that there shall be no social outcasts, but that all shall have the means both of living, and living a truly human life, is to be much more distinctly and widely recognized, and both legislative and voluntary social effort are to be much more seriously and effectually directed towards this end. At the same time it must not be forgotten that laws which have outrun the general conscience of the people are not wont to

¹ *Catholic Ideals in Social Life.* By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. London: Art and Book Co., 1904.

satisfactory results, as their prescriptions can never go beyond a certain point, and always need to be supplemented by private endeavour—which will never be except in so far as they carry with them the general sympathy of the nation. Hence the primary aim should be to convince and gain over the individuals, and here is the great work for the Church, and for those of her children who have (and who have not?) the opportunity of conforming their own lives to true social ideals, and thus recommending them to those around them. And Father Cuthbert is strong in insisting that we should try and co-operate as much as we can with our fellow-countrymen in the pursuit and practical realization of these ideals. It is a mistake to place ourselves in unnecessary antagonism to them. Doubtless we have our duties at times towards our fellow-Catholics to secure for them their religious rights, but in the discharge of these duties we must be careful not to lapse into too controversial a mood, nor forget to be solicitous also for the rights, religious and social, of others besides our own people.

It must not be supposed that, in exhorting his Catholic readers to give more attention to their responsibility for the social condition of their poorer neighbours, Father Cuthbert falls into the current tendency to forget the intimate connection between philanthropy and spirituality. On the contrary, this also is a point on which he is insistent.

Whoever would become [he says] a social worker must remember that all good efficient work is in a great measure the result of character, and proceeds from his very soul. The priest who would fulfil his ministry as he ought must cultivate a priestly character and a priestly habit of soul; if he neglects this, he will fail in his work. The same applies to the social worker. The ultimate object of all social work is moral and religious regeneration. It is to raise men out of their material, or even brutal, existence, into that which is human and spiritual. But what spiritual influence can any man have who neglects his own spiritual life? The social worker, therefore, must be a religious man in the proper sense of the word; he must be one who takes care of his own soul and who knows how to pray. There is a tendency at the present day to undervalue prayer as part of a man's religious life. There are those who flippantly tell us that "to work is to pray." In one sense that is true, if the work is done in the spirit of prayer, with a sense of dependence on God. But how is this spirit of prayer to be acquired except by separating oneself, from time to time, from the worries and cares of life and bringing oneself into special communion with God? Jesus Christ, our Master, retired at times

from the crowd to pray to His Father in quiet and seclusion. That is the example every social worker must follow if he would do Christ-like work.

This is a specimen of Father Cuthbert's style. We may give one more, which deals with a different subject.

In any scheme of woman's education . . . these two fundamental qualities of her character must ever be kept in view—her idealism and her sensitiveness; for in these two natural qualities we find the predominating marks of true womanhood. And yet, thus boldly stated, this presentment of the truth leaves much to be desired in view of the object aimed at by the feminist movement. The fact is, of course, that many qualifications enter into perfect womanhood which are not expressed in these two predominant notes of her character; and which, though subordinate to her idealism and sensitiveness, are yet necessary for the proper development of these two qualities. Here we may state at once that whatever enters into the composition of the perfect man must in some degree be found in the perfect woman, just as all true feminine qualities are in a measure to be found in the highest masculine character. For the distinction between man and woman is not so much absolute as relative; both possess all human qualities, only in each those qualities predominate which determine the distinctive function in life. So that the mark of the true woman is not the absence of masculine qualities, but their due subordination to the distinctive marks of her womanhood. The making of the true woman is in fact not a question of exclusion, but of right subordination.

Of the subjects of which these papers treat, the following titles will give a sufficient idea: *The Church and Personal Liberty*, *The Christian State*, *Marriage*, *The Value of Work*, *The Responsibility of Wealth*; and in the second part, *The Working Man's Apostolate*, and *St. Francis and You*. *The Working Man's Apostolate* is a particularly valuable instruction for the Catholic working-man, pointing out to him the unique opportunities that lie before him. In *St. Francis and You* Father Cuthbert takes a very legitimate pride in the social work of his own Father, and of his sons, for which the Third Order has proved so powerful an instrument.

5.—A NEW VOLUME BY CANON SHEEHAN.¹

Canon Sheehan appears to be more and more resolved that his tales shall be stories with a purpose, and while it is proverbially hard to succeed when handicapped by such a motive, it certainly does not become easier with such a purpose as his. Not only does he aim at painting his own people, and especially the Irish priesthood, in the most attractive colours, in which he has our fullest sympathy,—he is no less concerned to disparage the race which as he believes holds his nation in thralldom, and to perpetuate the memory of faults, which even if they were, as he is convinced, all on one side, it should be the object of the friends of both to bury in oblivion. More than this, he would seem firmly to believe in the actual existence of a state of things which if true would undoubtedly justify the extreme of indignation, but which in fact is as inconceivable as the conditions of the world which Alice explored behind the looking-glass.

One of the stories before us, for example, "The Monks of Trabolgan," narrates the fortunes of a most remarkable community, established early in the twentieth century, when a sudden cataclysm having emancipated the Church in France from the persecutions of the Fourth Republic, and Ireland having entered upon new political conditions, a great wave of religious enthusiasm swept the island from end to end, taking the form of the reconstruction of ancient religious houses, and the establishment of new Orders "adapted to the social and political complexities of the age." Amongst these latter were the White Monks of Trabolgan, whom we find settled on the height so named just outside Cork Harbour, "a new Order of monk students, something on the plan of the French Benedictines." With the strictest exercises of monastic discipline, these brethren unite the study of every branch of science, sacred and profane. They inhabit the beautiful mansion formerly belonging to the Roche family,—who long ago "sank into the condition of mere Englishry;"—they have transformed the woods and glens around, with traditional monastic diligence and dexterity; they have erected a chapel, a little gem of Gothic design, with a wonderful organ; also long rows of

¹ *A Spoiled Priest, and other Stories.* By the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, Author of *My New Curate*, &c. London: Burns and Oates, and T. Fisher Unwin, 1905. 213 pp. Five shillings.

stately corridors, and a *bijou* Gothic library; and this they have filled with a priceless collection of books, and they have likewise gathered from the wreck of religious establishments on the Continent examples of the most perfect workmanship in gold and silver chalices and monstrances, so that "the monastery was quite a repository of treasure-trove." In addition they have a printing-press ever at work, turning out "splendidly bound books, rapidly becoming as famous as Plantins and Elzevirs." "The Brothers wore a white habit with the usual scapularies and cinctures; but the capuce, or hood, was lined with blue or red silk, according to the academic degree of the Brother, for it was an inexorable rule that only graduates in some home or foreign University should be accepted as postulants in the Order."

But so ideal a state of things could not endure. Ireland, administered by some sort of provisional Government, was still "under the beck of the Imperial Government of Great Britain," and this soon began to turn greedy eyes upon the monastery and its accumulated treasures, which, it was thought, might be far more profitably utilized as a People's Palace. An excuse for confiscation was alone wanting, and was presently found, in this wise.

One of the younger monks, Brother Felix, was a wonderful physicist, for whom the deep seas of nature held no secrets. He was likewise a patriotic dreamer, and often imagined himself piloting a hostile fleet into Cork Harbour, to loose the grip of the stranger from his native land, as Perseus delivered Andromeda from the sea monster. One evening, going out for a solitary row, his favourite diversion, he is caught and carried to sea by a sudden gale. Though it is October, naval manœuvres are in progress, and he is picked up by a German warship which has been watching them, whose captain is anxious to try the experiment of running into the harbour, which has been declared closed, in spite of forts supposed to be full of men, and having their guns "trailed" upon any intruding vessel. With the assistance of the nautical monk the feat is accomplished, in the teeth of a hurricane, which yet beats resistlessly into the harbour's mouth. Arrived inside, at the suggestion of Felix, five hundred men are landed to surround Camden Fort. Then he is allowed to go, with vows of eternal secrecy on both sides, and quietly lets himself into the monastery, being seemingly furnished with a

latch-key; and when day breaks the German vessel has vanished like a dream.

Nevertheless, the sleepless eye of the British Government has not been eluded, and at the following Easter-tide the Abbot is informed that a prosecution has been ordered, which is to be escaped only by closing the monastery, and leaving behind all its treasures as forfeit to the Crown, to be devoted to national purposes. Thereupon, though a complete inventory of the abbey treasures has meanwhile been made by the police, the community convey all their moveable effects on board a Swedish steamer, in which they set off to seek liberty in France, leaving what cannot be thus removed piled up on the shore, to be made a bonfire by Felix, who remains for the purpose; and not till the smoke of the fugitives' vessel is disappearing on the horizon, and the last embers of the conflagration on the beach, do the myrmidons of the law appear to claim their spoil.

The tone of mind which can suggest so fantastic, and at the same time so matter of fact a narrative—for all the localities mentioned are real—is certainly not conducive to such writing as that by which Canon Sheehan so deservedly gained the public ear—and in many instances it is clear that the ardour of his feelings has not left him free to attend to minor matters. But for this, we cannot think that he would, in another place, make a patriot priest remind his congregation that the Arm of the Lord is not "foreshortened."

6.—THE SOUL'S ORBIT.¹

There are many brilliant passages in this book, passages remarkable for a certain epigrammatic force and an unusual power of expression. There is also much evidence that the author or compiler—for the two are not readily distinguished—has thought deeply upon religious problems, esteeming such speculations worthy of the best that man's intellect has to give. The result is undoubtedly a book which will appeal strongly to at least a select few, the few who will appreciate its reticences as well as its pronouncements, the few who prefer to have a train of thought suggested in outline rather than worn threadbare with analysis. To judge from the note prefixed as to

¹ *The Soul's Orbit, or Man's Journey to God.* Compiled, with additions, by M. D. Petre. London: Longmans, 1904.

the genesis of the book the compiler's task can hardly have been an easy one.

For the most part they (the following pages) are filled with the expanded notes of sermons, exhortations, and addresses; in some cases derelict MSS. have been redeemed from destruction, re-arranged, and supplemented. When possible, these borrowed materials have been referred for revision to their original sources; and the whole compilation has been brought into unity, as far as possible, by subjection to competent criticism.

Allowing for the difficulties of such an undertaking it may be said that a considerable measure of success has been attained in giving an appearance of unity to the volume; although, for the matter of that, the thoughts even when disconnected have consistency enough to stand by themselves. The title, we may confess, does not strike us as entirely felicitous. The idea suggested by *The Soul's Orbit* appears to be inconsistent with the secondary heading, *Man's Journey to God*; for while we can hardly talk of a journey without including the notion of arriving somewhere, the term orbit seems to us distinctly to exclude the idea of any goal. With regard to the nature and purport of the journey spoken of, it will perhaps be simplest to quote the following authoritative description taken from the publisher's announcement of the work:

The scope of these chapters on the spiritual life is to trace man's journey from God as an object of aspiration, through Christ, to God as an object of fruition. While admitting that to a great extent the older forms of devotional and ascetical thought have become dead and inoperative, and while respecting, though not uncritically, those new phases of sentiment and conviction in which the inner life still manifests its irrepressible vigour, the writer's pen is guided by the principle that every true and catholic development must bear the test of continuity with the past, saving, while enriching, its substance and value; justifying and explaining its forms even when it departs from them in favour of some more comprehensive way of taking things together. This is the spirit in which such ordinary topics as man's destiny, his duty to God and his neighbour, and the main lessons of Christ's life and doctrine are treated, in the hope that they may live again for many to whom they have become dead.

The discerning reader can hardly fail to infer that the book does not always follow conventional lines; and there are certainly chapters, we may instance that entitled "He was subject to them," upon which an unfriendly interpreter might

be tempted to place unfavourable constructions. Still, as we all know, there are hard places in Holy Scripture itself; and we have met nothing in the pages before us which, when rightly understood, may not be in the best sense profitable to many for the development of the spiritual life. On the other hand, passages abound, especially in connection with the person of our Blessed Lord, the beauty, the force, and the truth of which cannot fail to impress the most simple-hearted beginner in the way of God's service. We feel that we have every reason to be grateful to the compiler for rescuing these pages from destruction. Let us say, in conclusion, that the first chapter, entitled "Preparation," seems to us hardly in keeping with the rest of the volume. It is obviously addressed, in the first instance, to priests, and, as we learn, it may already be found in print in the pages of the *American Ecclesiastical Record* (*sic*) for June, 1901.

7.—AN ECHO OF BROWNING.¹

Though the name of Browning never appears in the small volume before us, it is quite evident that from him its inspiration is wholly drawn, so evident indeed as to make it seem doubtful whether it should be taken as a tribute from an admirer, or an irreverent skit after the manner of *The Cock and the Bull*. It is, we suspect, the latter view that will suggest itself to many readers, struck by the cleverness with which the master's mannerisms are parodied, and especially the art of making a story out of nothing, which when he has finished the reader shall ask himself what it is all about.

Confining ourselves to the longest piece, which gives its name to the whole, we have the monologue of the Secretary to a certain London League,

Which seeks to enliven London's charity
By garring us give to it that "whole mind" of ours.

The moving spirit is one Strongman, a clergyman :

Strongman himself was stoutish, had an air
Of Dr. Johnson dashed with Beethoven,
Withal the look of a Luther obscurely sleek.

¹ *The Secretary's Holiday and other Poems.* By the Author of *Dove Sono?*
London : St. Vincent's Press, Harrow Road, 1904. 30 pp. Price 1s. 6d. net.

Smoked many pipes in his study, and took his rest
On horseback, like a sack of potatoes, or else
Tramped forth to the fields to, solitarily, unknot
The hard problem, grapple the difficulty,
Ponder, wrestle, contend, with who knows what
Fiend, cast himself on the ground with who knows what
Need of that, hitherto inarticulate, man's
Simple, straight out, "God help me!"—(him in dire straits,
Worked up to in one of those sermons that he published.)

Strongman is a great promoter of sea-side holidays for the people, and the Secretary feels that he is one of the people who need them. Accordingly he goes to the sea with his wife and bairns, a brother and a friend, Sonofodam, "professed Agnostic." There he strolls and sits on the beach, plucks flowers, hears birds piping, perceives smells, has a toothache, bathes with Sonofodam from a boat, and philosophizes by himself:

Thankful for work, thankful for holyday,
For past, present, being, and knowing I am,—
Thankful for all yet conscious of *something*
Without which all were *not*, something beyond
To go on for, "love struggle" (Strongman) for,
Get up for, learning this, and open-souled
As much as may be, stride towards the sea
For what's up, what's to do?—perhaps just be.

But the philosophy never emerges into anything much clearer than this sort of thing, and the plainest piece of information we get is that with which the piece concludes.

. since that day
That summer holyday time, Strongman, the stalwart,
The independent digger, unearther of thoughts,
Fighter, without a struggle has disappeared
In an unsuspected bog of *his* battlefield.

Clearly, the more successful is such imitation of the master's style, the more apt is it to be taken or mistaken for caricature.

8.—PÈRE MARQUETTE.¹

A hall at Washington, which formerly served as the Lower House of Congress, has for the last half century or so been set apart for a collection of statues of great Americans. Each of the Federated States was invited to contribute two to represent it, and in this way it came to pass that in 1893 the State of

¹ *Au Mississipi, la première exploration (1673); Le Père Jacques Marquette, et Louis Jolliet.* Par Alfred Hamy. Paris: Taffin-Lefort.

Wisconsin asked to be allowed to put up a statue of Père Marquette. The idea of thus honouring a Jesuit Father in the Museum of the Capitol was distasteful to the bigots, but, as the upper waters of the Mississippi form the western boundary of Wisconsin, and Père Marquette, the first European discoverer of this mighty river, reached it by a journey down the Wisconsin river, it was generally felt that the choice of the State was appropriate, and it was accordingly sustained. Naturally the incident directed attention to the man and his history, and led to the publication of various books and articles about him. Among these the latest and most exhaustive is the volume now before us by an author whom we must now unhappily speak of as the late Père Hamy, as he has died since his book was published.

Jacques Marquette was born at Laon in 1637. He entered the Novitiate at the age of seventeen, and in 1666, almost immediately after his ordination, was sent to serve on the Canadian missions of the Society. On arriving, he was first sent to Three Rivers, where he spent two years in learning the native languages, attaining to such proficiency that eventually he became able to converse freely in six of them. Then, in 1668, he was sent to succeed Père Allouet in the charge of the recently founded Huron Mission of Saint-Esprit, at the western extremity of Lake Superior. Saint-Esprit was the most advanced of the mission-stations at that time, and it showed the trust in his courage and devotedness that his Superiors should have sent there one who had so recently come out from France. But it seems clear that he was sent there not merely for the sake of the native converts of the locality, but to prepare the way for that further advance into the heart of the great continent to which the zeal of the Fathers was impelling them, and for which Père Marquette was already destined. For Saint-Esprit was an important trade centre, whither natives of various tribes came in to sell furs to the European merchants; and hence it offered an excellent opportunity for collecting information as to the nature of the unknown lands and of the great river which was understood to water them. Père Marquette, however, after remaining there only two years, found it necessary to transfer his Hurons, who had incurred the enmity of the fiercer race of Sioux, to a place of greater safety, and so he took them back with him to the mission of St. Ignace at Michillimackinac, on the thin isthmus between Lakes Huron and Michigan.

Here on December 8, 1672, a young man named Louis Jolliet arrived from Quebec. He had been appointed by the Comte de Frontenac, the French Governor of Canada, to make an expedition in search of the Mississippi, and the Count had arranged with the Jesuit Superior that Père Marquette should accompany him. Their objects were not altogether the same; or rather, we may say that what was the primary object with Jolliet and the Count de Frontenac, was secondary with Père Marquette and his Superior, and *vice versa*; the Count's chief object being to anticipate the English, who were anxious to extend their colonies westward of the Alleghanies by a prior occupation of the basin of the Mississippi—for, if the French could be the first to plant their national flag on the borders of the river, they would consider their claim established to the sovereignty of the whole of that vast area.

Still though their standpoints were thus different the two men worked cordially together, each needing the co-operation of the other for the due attainment of his own objects, and Jolliet especially needing Marquette, without whose experience and influence with the natives it would have been impossible for him to advance a step. They set out on May 17th, 1673, taking with them five Europeans, and not hesitating to embark on so dangerous an enterprise in two small canoes of bark, which to all human appearance must surely be destroyed on one or other of the numerous rapids they had to pass down. Their first stage was to Green Bay, at the north-west of Lake Michigan. This they rowed down till they came to the Fox River, which they went up, thus getting by water to a distance of a few miles from the head waters of Wisconsin river. Descending this latter river they were soon beyond the furthest point reached by previous explorers, but they persisted till at last the great river was reached. Not content to find it, they proceeded to row down it, and amidst many anxieties and risks, from the storms, the rapids, and the heavy timber carried down by the floods, they came at last to the mouth of the Arkansas river, having thus traversed on their outward course no less than 1,655 miles. By this time they were approaching the Spanish colony of Florida, and as to fall into the hands of the Spaniards would have been to be reduced to captivity, and to lose the fruit of their labours, as too they were now sufficiently certain that the Mississippi must debouch into the Gulf of Florida, they resolved to plant here the Cross and the standard of France and begin

to retrace their steps. This they did, keeping to the course of the river as far as the confluence of the Missouri and Illinois river, then ascending the Illinois and descending what is now called the Chicago river. They then rowed up Lake Michigan, and reached Michillimackinac towards the end of September, having accomplished 2,767 miles in four months. Père Marquette's object, no less than M. Jolliet's, was quite attained. He had been warned that he would meet with savage tribes who would be sure to kill him, but in fact he experienced a warm welcome from the gentle Illinois whom he came across at one or two spots on the route. They fell at once under the personal charm which had in his previous experiences with the natives given him such a hold over them, and they were only anxious that he should return to them, and teach them the religion of Jesus Christ. This he attempted a year later—that is, as soon as he had somewhat recovered from the attack of dysentery to which as the result of his fatigues and privations he became the victim. He had, however, several relapses during this second missionary journey, though he just succeeded in reaching Kaskaskias, a native camp on the Illinois river, which he had promised to revisit. There he preached and instructed, and was listened to with the greatest docility and interest. But the shadows of death were upon him, and it was necessary for him to return and make provision for another to take his place. They got him back as far as the headland now called Luddington, on the east coast of Lake Michigan, but there he expired and had to be buried.

Such is the outline of Père Marquette's journeys. He left behind him two diaries, one of each of his voyages, though the second—mute evidence of his failing health—stops abruptly in the middle. Of this second the autograph still exists, of the other the autograph is lost, but some early copies are extant by collating which Père Hamy has been able to give an accurate text. What strikes one as one reads these diaries is the combination of careful observation with extreme simplicity. There is not a sign of that self-elation which might have seemed justified under the circumstances. He tells his story quite quietly, with hardly a word of attempt to magnify its difficulties and dangers. There is too a tone of earnest but unobtrusive piety pervading it which portrays the man to us in unmistakable colours.

One curious thing is that till recent times Père Marquette

was never credited by his own countrymen with his courageous achievement. Of the circumstances to which this was due, Père Hamy gives us a full account, and a careful though perhaps too controversial a criticism. He has also gathered together in this volume almost everything which was necessary to make it a suitable tribute to the memory of the great missionary.

9.—ELEMENTA PHILOSOPHIÆ SCHOLASTICÆ.¹

Manuals of Philosophy multiply unduly, chiefly owing to the desire of each professor to publish his lectures. Still, Dr. Reinstadler's Manual, which has now reached a second and revised edition, can plead this in its favour, that it has been recognized by competent judges to have great merits. Thus, Mgr. Mercier testifies that "there is no Latin manual of the Elements of Philosophy which has such good claims to be treated as a classic in the Seminaries." And, as far as we can see, this verdict is justified. It is indeed, as the author candidly acknowledges, not more than a compilation, drawing largely from the more complete works of others; but it has merits in its own sphere. The style and arrangement is clear and simple; the bulk is not excessive, not much space being wasted over antiquated and unprofitable speculations; and the false systems the student is required to learn up and compare with the true are chiefly those which are now living and will be likely to confront him in his after-life. Usually too, though not always—as witness the very insufficient account of Hegel's and Schopenhauer's theories—the author is good in his accounts of these adverse systems, as, for instance, in those of Kantianism and Darwinism; and in his footnotes he supports his words with copious extracts from the authors in question. There are, indeed, persons who object altogether to the practice of boiling down systems into summaries for refutation, such as is customary with our philosophical and theological manuals; and it is true that there is a danger of their receiving insufficient justice in the process. Still it is difficult to see what other course could be adopted save the hopeless one of sending an immature student to a multitude of abstruse volumes which he cannot possibly understand, and which will only bewilder

¹ *Elementa Philosophiæ Scholasticæ.* Auctore Dr. Seb. Reinstadler. Two vols. Editio altera ab auctore recognita. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder.

him. Nor is the danger of the existing custom great, provided writers and professors show the solicitude of honest critics to summarize correctly, and at the same time to warn pupils that the knowledge thus imparted to them is only preparatory and provisional, and that they will do well to follow it up afterwards by more searching inquiries.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Sixpenny Series of Prayer Books and Books of Devotion, issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, requires only to be known in order to have its merits appreciated and to secure the popularity it deserves. Even in these days of cheap publishing, these little volumes are wonderful value for the money. Well printed, substantially bound, of attractive appearance, and convenient size and shape, they furnish, at a price almost nominal, a singularly complete little library of piety and devotion, with variety sufficient to suit diverse tastes—the *Manual of Prayers for Congregational and Home use*, as prescribed by the Bishops of England: a *Missal for the Laity*: our old and esteemed friends *The Garden of the Soul* and *Key of Heaven*, the *Imitation of Christ* (a new translation), and Gahan's *Catholic Piety*: the whole for three shillings! The last named is, it must be noted, in one particular, by no means up to date, for the table of moveable feasts prefixed, which starts with the year 1885, extends no further than 1906. But we trust that before then a fresh impression will be required.

A volume of Sermons recently published by Burns and Oates (*Sermons. Preached in St. Edmund's College Chapel on various occasions. Collected and arranged by Edwin Burton, Vice-President. London, 1904. 5s.*) is of more than usual interest. St. Edmund's College, as Archbishop Bourne remarks in his Introduction to the book, has a large place in the history of the restoration of the Catholic Church in England; and its chapel has been the scene of many celebrations which called for special utterances from men of note amongst us. The spirit of the place seems to permeate them all, as was natural; for

many are dated on the annual festival-day of the patron Saint, and two, by Bishop Hedley and the Rev. W. Lloyd respectively, were occasioned by the centenary celebrations of 1893. In reading them one is constantly made aware of the presence of a strong living tradition of Catholic faith and feeling. The future of such a tradition, with God's blessing, will not belie the promise of the past, whose record of struggle and victory is in part preserved in these Sermons.

This scholastic year the Oxford Syndicate has assigned the Third and Fourth Books of Kings, or rather the history of the period covered by these two books, for the Religious papers of the Local Examinations. As this is a new departure, and there is as yet no Catholic manual ready for the use of Catholic candidates, Messrs. Burns and Oates have printed separately the Douay text of these two books in a slightly revised version, with some new notes by Father Kent, O.S.C., in addition to the old notes by Challoner. The price is 1s. post free.

The Way that led Beyond (by T. Harrison. Benziger Brothers) is a story of a girl of fine character who passed through great trials, especially from near relatives, but overcame them all by her firm yet sweet disposition, and so ended happily.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Some contents of foreign Periodicals :

ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR KATHOLISCHE THEOLOGIE. (1905, I.)

The Epistle to the Hebrews. *H. Cladder*. A Methodical Study of early Church Organization. *S. von Dunin Borkowski*. The Introduction of Christian Baptism. *F. Schmid*. Studies upon Ulrich of Strasburg. *M. Grabman*. Reviews, &c.

RAZÓN Y FE. (December.)

The year of the Immaculata. *N. Perez*. The Supremacy of the State. *V. Minteguiaga*. The Reforming Movement and Exegesis. *L. Murillo*. The Early Penitential Poems of Lope de Vega. *J. M. Aicardo*. On the Law of Sunday Rest. *N. Noguera*. The Religious Condition of modern Russia. *M. Martinez*. Some Religious Notes on Japan. *P. Saus*. With this number the journal includes a separate illustrated monograph of 270 pp. devoted entirely to the Immaculate Conception.

ÉTUDES (December 5.)

The Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. *V. Delaporte*. The History of a Dogma. *J. Bainvel*. Our Lady in Islam and the Koran. *J. Goudard*. The opinion of Bellarmine on the Immaculate Conception. *X. Le Bachelet*. Our Lady in the work of St. Francis of Sales. *A. de Becdelièvre*. The True Representation of Our Lady of Lourdes. *J. Leonard*. Reviews, &c.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 3 and 17.)

The Legacy of Dr. Windthorst. *Giovanni Pascoli*. The Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. Italian Catholics and Voting at Elections. The Corner Stone of Scientific Socialism. Notes and Impressions of London. The History of Mediæval Art. Reviews, &c.

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (November 28.)

The Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. *A. Baumgartner*. Our Lady of Good Counsel. *M. Meschler*. The Modern Development of Handicrafts. *H. Pesch*. A Lost Treasure of the Fourteenth Century. *J. Braun*. The Riddle of Life. *E. Wasmann*. The Minor Festivals of the Christmas Season. *C. Kneller*. Reviews, &c.

REVUE AUGUSTINIEENNE. (December 15.)

The Essence of Original Sin according to St. Augustine. *F. Blachère*. St. Augustine and St. Paulinus of Nola. *P. Martain*. St. Augustine and Ontologism. *R. Spinnael*. Our Lady in French Poetry. *G. de Liboux*. Reviews, &c.

RASSEGNA GREGORIANA. (November, December.)

The Pontifical Commission in the Isle of Wight. The Kyrie "Fons Bonitatis." *G. M. Beyssac*. An English Liturgical Hoax. *H. G. Worth*. Reviews and Correspondence; and finally the Bibliography of Liturgical Publications, which forms so excellent a feature in this admirable review.

